

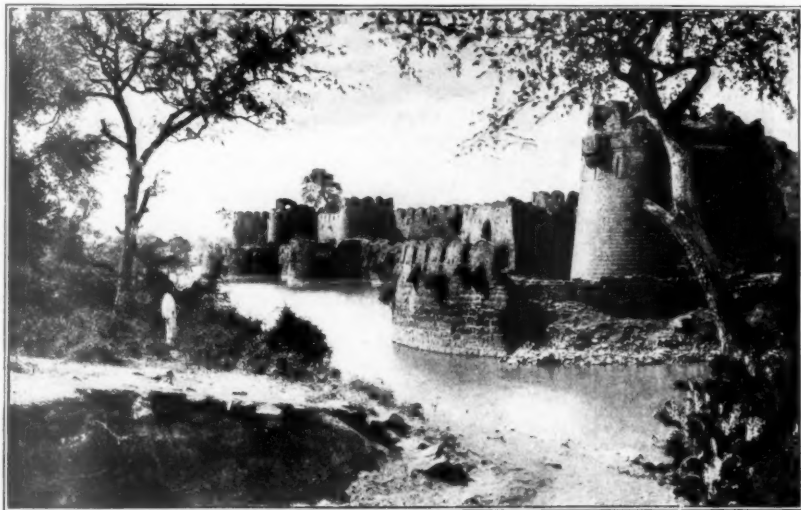
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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BEAUTY AND CHARM IN INDIA.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CONCLUDING PAPER OF REPORT OF COSMOPOLITAN'S SPECIAL
COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

BEFORE I bid farewell as an Oriental traveler to the readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN I should like to remove, if I can, something of the unpleasant taste which my former articles must have left in their mouths. I went forth specially commissioned to investigate and report upon one of the saddest and grimmest spectacles known to modern times. Before my sojourn in India had lasted many days my personal interest and sympathy had become so deeply involved that I could not, if I would, have departed from my instructions. The terror and pathos, rather than the beauty, of that wonderful land appealed to me; I absorbed them in my waking hours and they haunted my dreams. I shall never forget my experi-

ences amidst the plague and famine; I can never bring home livingly to others the truth and horror of them. Nevertheless, so loyally does the kindly heart of mankind respond to an appeal that comes from the heart, no matter how imperfectly presented, that I have gratefully to acknowledge many letters of generous appreciation, accompanied often by contributions of money for the immediate relief of suffering. Numbers of these letters came from poor persons—poor in money, though rich in better wealth—poor mothers who had children of their own, and who denied themselves a comfort, or even a necessity, in order that those whose need was greater might be helped. So truly Christian was this charity that fre-

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quently it was accompanied by an apology for the smallness of the sum inclosed—as if any gift could be small with human love going with it. Blessed be those kindly men and women! From all parts of the United States, and from far beyond its boundaries, they have spoken and given. I wish I could respond personally to them all. It is easy to pity and to help the disaster of your neighbor across the street; but to pity with something more than words the calamities of those whom we shall never see; whose ways and habitation are alien and remote; to come with tears in the eyes and purse in hand to succor them—there is something divine in that. But that, too, is common; and it was worth going to India to be assured of that on my return. I will say here, in reply to many inquiries, that the best man I know of to be the recipient

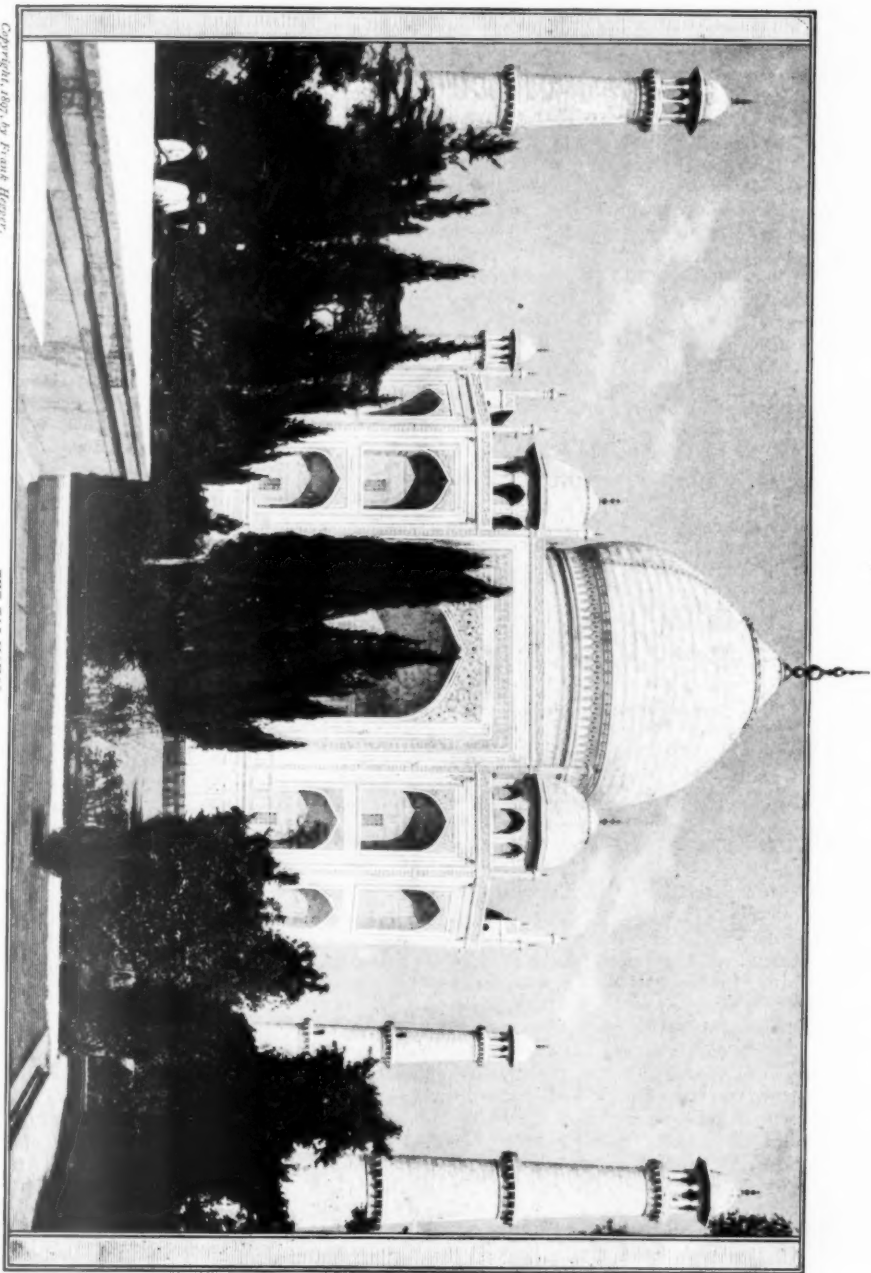
in India of money for famine relief is the Rev. Rockwell Clancy, of Allahabad. He is a true American and a true Christian; devoted heart and soul to his work, beloved by thousands of natives as well as by his own native converts, and able to account for any sums, from a dollar to a hundred thousand dollars, placing every cent of it where it will do most good. I came to know him well and to love him like a brother; and I know that the only way I can requite him for the brotherly kindness he bestowed on me is to give him the means of making others happy. Give him something, however little, each one of you who read these words; club together and buy a draft on India payable to him; each one of you, with your mite, may save a life. Doubtless there are many other missionaries in India as worthy to be made fountains of charity as he; I could name three or four myself. But it is better to concentrate upon one; he is young and strong, and he stands at the center of distress. Bury him up to the neck in gold, and see how he will turn it into life and happiness.

I was going to say that although the pathos and tragedy of India held my eyes, as I thought, from taking cognizance of anything else, yet, since I have returned home, I find that I saw many things that were fascinating and beautiful; they shine out now as they did not then. Upon that dark and awful background they paint themselves in forms and colors of magic beauty and charm. I could almost say that there is nothing in India which is identical with anything in this country, though certain conditions there reminded me, in a far-off way, of conditions which I had observed here. But the Indian Peninsula has been settled for we can hardly say how many thousand years; its climate is utterly alien from our experience; its people reached their apogee before Europe was born; its religion had undergone corruption and decay while the Christian Messiah was still a remote dream of an obscure Hebrew tribe; its architecture had other origins and ideals than those which have formed our taste; its manners and customs have become in the course of ages so derationalized, distorted and deadened, and are at the same time so intimately interwoven with the hereditary national character,



THE HIGH ROCK AT DOWLETTABAD.

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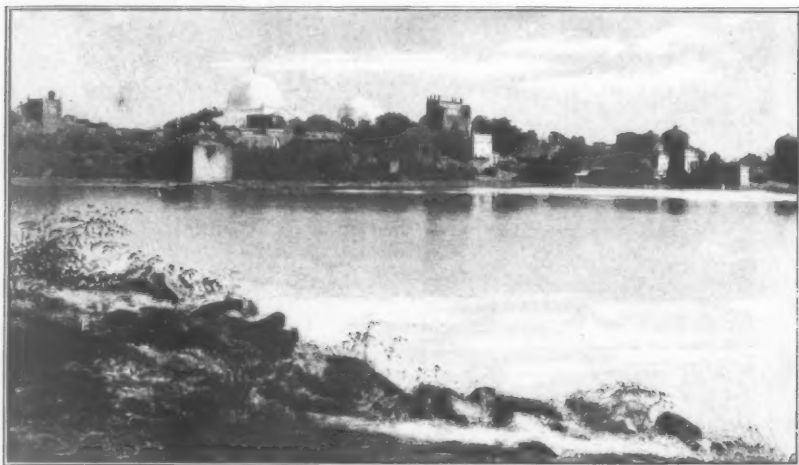


THE TAJ MAHAL.

that we can no longer comprehend the Hindu; whether or not he be of the same racial stock as we, he is now separated from us by a gulf which human nature itself seems hardly competent to cross.

I have said that India is the most repulsive country known to me—I speak of the vast plain which forms the bulk of the country. I saw it during the dry season, when it was entirely bare of vegetation, except the mangos and a few other trees, which seem able to flourish through the longest droughts. There are mountainous regions in the south and north where beauty is dominant in some of its most enchanting natural forms. But these are the borders and the oases of the desert,

on their being done. The labor of carrying on the country as a political and industrial enterprise is tenfold as stupendous as it would be under a European climate. You cannot appreciate the truth of this until you have been there. It is not a white man's country; its atmosphere breeds a subtle despair; at lying down you are exhausted, and at rising you are not refreshed. Health, after the first year or two, is insecure at best; but without strict observance of rigorous hygienic laws it is impossible. You must go up to the mountains or back to Europe every little while, or you die. White children cannot be raised in India. India civil servants who have served their time



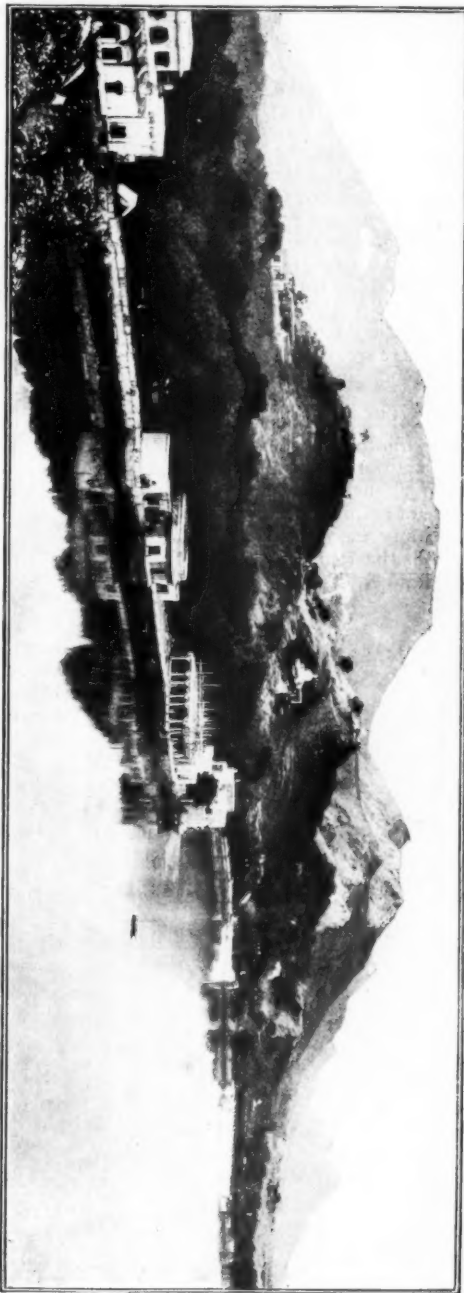
A DURGA IN BUNDI.

not the desert itself; for that illimitable plain is a desert throughout a great part of the year, and but for main force of artificial manipulation, would remain so all the year round. It is a most uncomfortable place; it is almost impossible to obtain—still more to maintain—there the ordinary conveniences of Western civilized life. The sun burns, the atmosphere corrodes, everything. The houses, furniture and appurtenances of the white inhabitants look dingy, rusty, faded, warped, tarnished or moldy, according to the season; you cannot keep clean and fresh; you cannot "get things done" as among us; there is no one to do them, and there is also lacking the energy on the white man's part to insist

there go home on a pension and survive, on the average, but two or three years, though the age of superannuation is but fifty-five. American missionaries, for whatever reason, last out better than all but a small fraction of the alien inhabitants. But I asked one who had dwelt over thirty years in Jahnsi whether any human consideration, except the service of God, would induce him to live a day in India; and he replied emphatically, "No!"

But the Hindu race, slowly pushing their way down from the mountains into the plains during the long lapse of centuries, has become acclimatized. They have, however, but a frail hold on life. They subsist on grain and fruit; their blood is thin; the hand of a Hindu always

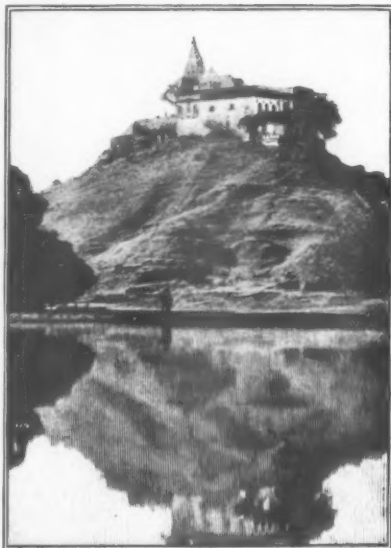
feels cold to our touch. Their lungs and heart are feeble, and they succumb readily to disease. But while they do live the climatic conditions seem in no degree to incommode them. A Hindu punkah-wallah will sit all day long pulling the punkah-cord in the blazing sunshine outside a whitewashed bungalow wall, with no covering on his shaven head, and hardly turn a hair or seem sensible of discomfort. They perform feats of endurance which would be remarkable anywhere. They have nothing that we should deem luxuries and appear to covet none. It is hard to see how a Hindu finds enough in life to reconcile him to living. Yet they are a cheerful people, and, in spite of their subtlety and mystery, to us impenetrable, are in many respects of child-like simplicity. But, as I may have said before, there are two persons in every Hindu—the hereditary one, complicated with all the traditions and anomalies of his immemorial race; and the individual one, who, if you can detach him, is little more than a child. This truth becomes conspicuous in the converted Hindu. The curse of the Hindu is his caste superstition; to free him from that is like filtering water or oxygenating air—he becomes a different creature, and a most gentle and lovable one, transparent as infancy itself. You would say that he had just been created, and knew no law but love and obedience. It is conceivable that India may become the great Christian stronghold of the future; but there are comparatively few native Christians there now. Multitudes of them desire to embrace the faith, but are prevented by caste fear. The white invasion has done India good just in measure as it has been accompanied by genuine religious influence; so far as it has been



LAKE ANNA SAGA IN AJMER.

commercial or indifferent merely, it has done harm. England has unselfishly done for India more, I think, than any other nation would do; but they have failed to give her an upward impulse, because they have feared to meddle with caste, which is the root of the whole trouble. Of course it would be much worse than useless to attempt to suppress caste by any violent methods; the only way is to show the Hindus, by example, even more than by precept, something higher and better to supplant it.

But it is of the charm and beauty of the country that I wished to speak. Wherever there are in India native people and native buildings, there we find picturesque or beauty, or both. The costumes of the Hindus and Mohammedans are comfortable even to look at; they are the natural dress of man in a warm country, made delightful to the eye by grace of draping and loveliness of color. The only essential part of the men's dress is the loin-cloth, which is usually



A DEORI TEMPLE.



CORRIDOR IN AN OLD TEMPLE.

white, or has been white originally. But their smooth brown skins are adornment enough; the eye soon learns to appreciate the tint and to prefer it to our blanched aspect. The shades of brown are innumerable, but it never approaches the blackness of the coast negro. The people are naïve in their ways, but carefully observe their own limitations, and never are inmodest. I have seen a man, clad in loin-cloth, jacket and mantle, saunter up to the corner of the public garden opposite the hotel in Bombay on whose veranda I sat and take off everything he had on; shake out and refold the garments, and replace them; but he managed so well there was no undue exposure. Still more remarkable was the case of the young married woman on the platform of a railway station, who also took off every stitch of her clothing and clad herself in other robes; but from her shoulders to her heels not an inch of bare skin was revealed throughout the process; I watched her from the window of my compartment in the train, which was waiting, as did two or three hundred other persons—or they might have done so had not similar spectacles been too familiar. Imagine (thought I) an American lady doing the same thing under

similar circumstances in America! The *savoir faire* of this people is incomparable.

But color, often of the most brilliant hue, enters into the outer garments of all tribes, castes and classes. It is never crude, and always is harmonious. The head-dresses are often gorgeous; they are either caps or turbans, and are worn only by the men; the women's heads are protected by their thick black hair or by a fold of the sari cast over them. On the other hand, it is only the women who wear jewelry; they are barbaric with gold and silver bracelets and ankle bangles, with earrings, nose rings, and finger and toe rings. It has been estimated that, on the average, each Indian woman of the hundred and fifty million in the country carries on her person twenty rupees' worth of these ornaments, mostly silver. No wonder the silver problem is obscure in India. In seasons of want this silver comes in hundreds of tons to be exchanged for money, together with buried coins, which also exist in millions. Even apart from the countless hoards of the rajahs, no one

can guess how much bullion the country contains.

The gait of Indian women in walking is the perfection of easy grace; they have been barefooted since the dawn of time, and are accustomed to carrying weights on their heads. I have now and then seen an American or an English girl walk well; but never in a way to bear comparison with them. The trunk poises lightly on the hips, the leg glides forward smoothly, one elastic foot after the other is planted on the ground and spurns it. Their delicate waists have never felt the deadening pressure of a bodice. The vest worn by most Indian women does not come below the curve of the breasts; the body thence to the loins is bare; in some parts of the country no vest at all is worn. The women are uniformly of small stature; and most of the poorer classes soon lose their symmetry of form, owing to child-bearing and other labor. But nothing can be more beautiful in all respects than an Indian girl of the higher caste in her prime; there is a glorious delicacy of loveliness in her every contour and fea-



THE BAILLIE GUARD GATE, LUCKNOW.

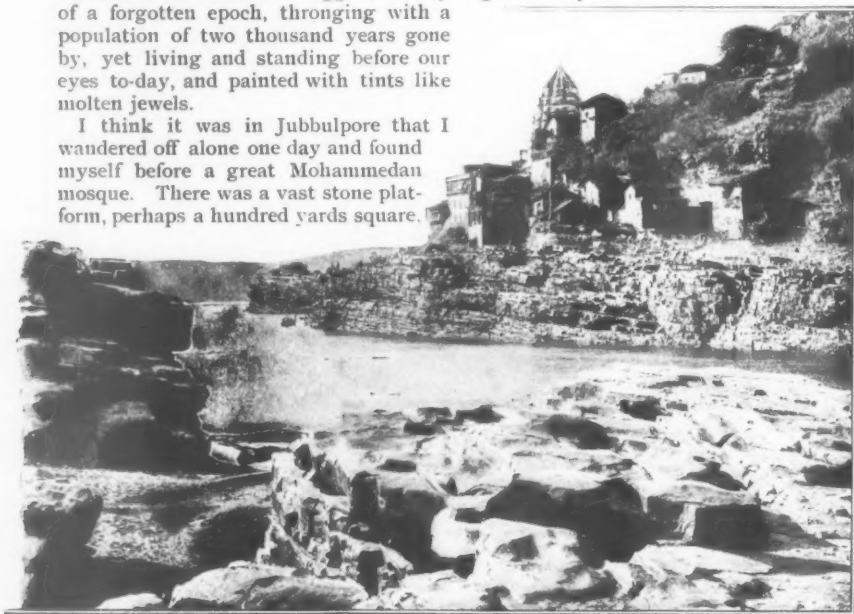
ture ; a splendor in her eyes and hair and in the mellow tints of her exquisite skin ; a fitness in her garments and a fascination in her motion that belong to no other woman.

Or can any artist reproduce the marvelous effect of a crowded street in the native quarter of an Indian city. Such a sun in such a sky above ; and the houses peering close into each other's faces across the narrow crookedness of the way, with their infinite multiplicity of shapes and sizes, their endless variety of line and angle, door and window, balcony and recess, shadow and shine, glow and dark ; and all enriched with numberless soft tints, defining and enriching each architectural feature ; the low-browed booths, with their squatting merchants, turbaned and caftaned ; above, the jutting casements, each with a tawny face peering from it ; higher still, the jagged gables and soaring roofs clustering against the sky ; and down below, hemmed in, drifting, shifting, murmuring, the swarming street itself, with its myriad types, faces, forms, costumes, colors ; men, women, children ; Hindu, Moslem, Jew ; slender Parsi and ash-bedaubed beggar ; a city of a forgotten epoch, thronging with a population of two thousand years gone by, yet living and standing before our eyes to-day, and painted with tints like molten jewels.

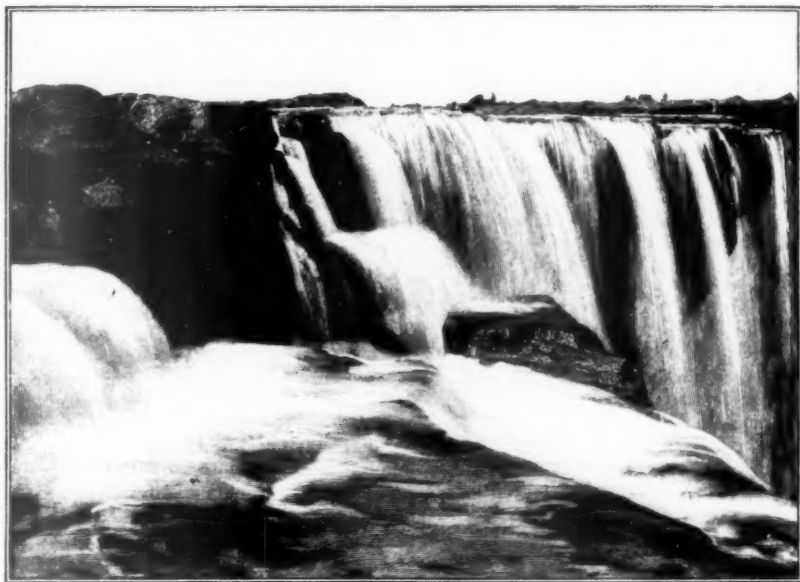
I think it was in Jubbulpore that I wandered off alone one day and found myself before a great Mohammedan mosque. There was a vast stone platform, perhaps a hundred yards square,

with a fountain basin in the midst of it ; on either side were corridors opening on the space, and at the farther side a series of mighty arches of red stone, overshadowing an inner area with tessellated pavement, backed by a wall wrought with carving and inlayings.

There may have been six or seven hundred of the faithful in the great court, and more were continually entering and streaming across the broad, baking platform to the fountain. An attendant kept wetting the lines of access in order, perhaps, to keep the bare soles of the believers' feet from being blistered by the hot surface of the stone. There were many women among them ; and all knelt at the fountain to perform ablutions. The water plashed and sparkled as they dipped their brown hands in it and fulfilled the sacred rites. The broad sunlight melted down upon their turbans of rainbow colors and of shining white, and their waving draperies and swarthy visages ; and meanwhile half a dozen little Moslem children kept racing from side to side of the court and playing in and out beneath the corridor ; and near me, as I leaned against a pilaster, stood a bier with a



ROCK FORMATIONS ALONG THE NEKBUDDA RIVER.

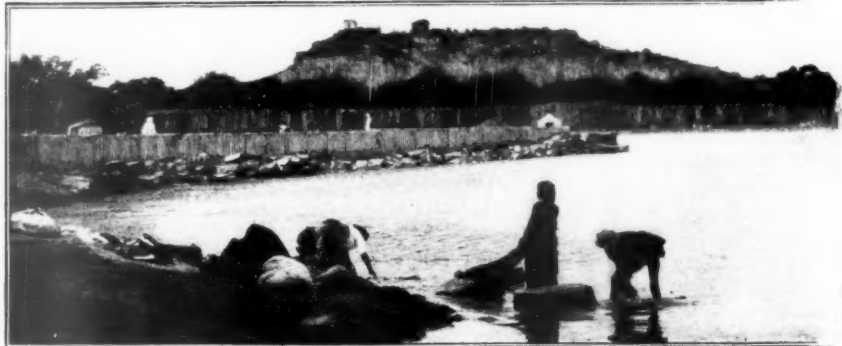


WATERFALL ON THE NERBUDDA RIVER.

dead body lying stark upon it, wrapped up in white, awaiting burial.

Gradually the throng left the fountain and collected in close ranks in front of the high arches—the women in one group at the right; the men on the left. They were massed close, line beyond line; and all at once, in obedience to some voice that was speaking from beneath the arches, they knelt down together and anon prostrated themselves, touching their foreheads to the pavement. They rose to their knees once more, and then again bowed forward; they were in the

presence of their prophet, through whom spoke Allah, the one God. For a long time the worshipers rose and fell, like grain bending and rising as the breeze blows over it in the field; and the voice of the priest lifted and rolled outward from beneath the shadow of the arches, over the prostrate heads, to where the fountain dimpled and sparkled in the center. As I looked I felt that these were true worshipers; this was a religion. I have been in many a Christian church where there seemed to be less veritable devotion in the whole congre-



GOLCONDA WASHERWOMEN.

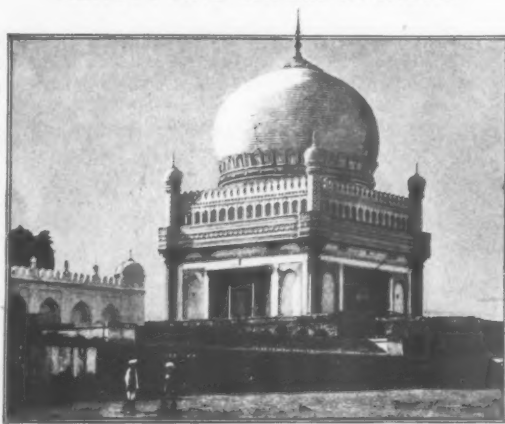
gation, including the man in the pulpit, than was manifested by a single member of this Moslem throng.

But the day of days in India was the day at Agra. It was the northernmost point of my journeys, for it was the limit of the famine. In the distance I saw

a white dome in the midst of four delicate minarets. Every one has seen photographs of it; and I knew it was the Taj Mahal.

An American visiting India some time since bought photographs of the Taj, and after studying them decided not to go thither—not because the pictures were not beautiful enough, but because they were so beautiful that he did not believe the reality could come up to them—so he went home, having lost one of the most exquisite pleasures that can befall a man in this world. No picture, and no description, can do justice to the Taj Mahal.

I came to a gate, as it is called—anywhere else it would be called a palace. It is of red stone, inlaid with white marble



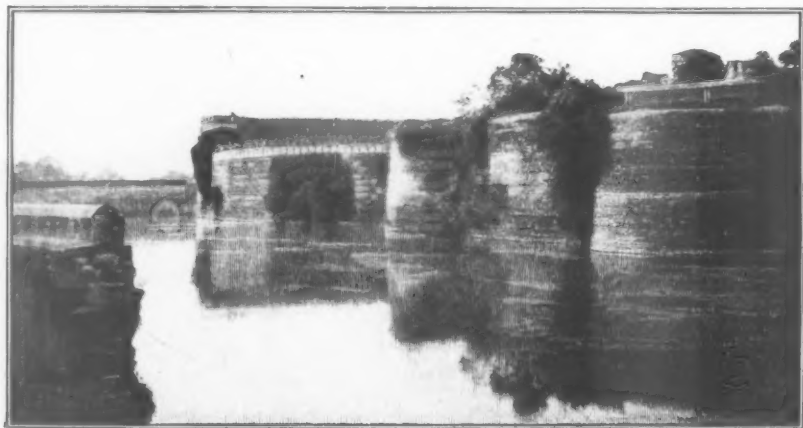
TOMB OF IBRAHIM'S SON AT GOLCONDA.

in arabesque designs. So superb was it that I wondered at the temerity of the architect who had dared to make the approach to his masterpiece so near the limit of what the human mind can endure of loveliness in stone. The gate is one of three, all similar, yet

different. It brought me to the garden, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, through which you must pass to reach the immortal tomb.

Down the midst of the entire length of the garden is a stone-rimmed tank, perhaps twenty feet in width. Water-plants grow in it, and goldfish swim among the slender stems of the flowers. At either side it is bordered by rows of black cypresses; and the garden is full of serried trees and beds of smiling flowers. It is a great living rectangle of deep green and bright color, flung down before the snowy splendor beyond.

But as you pass through the soaring arch of the gate your eye falls upon the polished surface of the long-drawn water,



THE FORT AT BHURTHPOOR, SURROUNDED BY A CANAL.

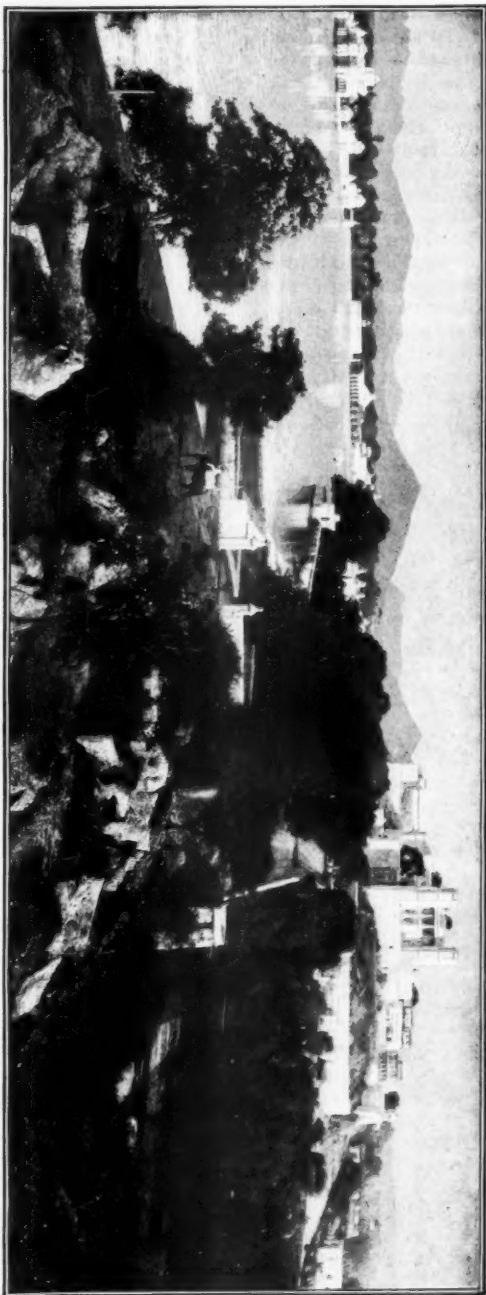
and in that mirror you see the spirit of the Taj, the dream of an enchantment too fair for this world. Do not look up yet to determine whether the dream has a reality beyond it. As you pace along you feel that alabaster mightiness ascending skyward; but school yourself awhile before you presume to accept its celestial challenge. Half-way down the garden is a raised marble platform with seats upon it; it bridges the tank. Take your place in the center of it, and then summon all that is pure and lofty in your heart, and lift your eyes and look.

So perfect are the proportions of the edifice and its surroundings that the Taj does not seem over-large; the eye compasses it in a long glance, and it takes its place forever in the soul as the divinest of mortal visions and memories.

It stands aloft upon a great platform, paved and faced with white marble, upon which the sun of India rests. White marble are the four exquisite towers, slender as stems of Oriental palm, which swell at their summits into marble blossoms, lifting their perfume to the sky. And marble, pure as alabaster, is the Taj itself, the symbol of the believing spirit which survives death, and is already touched with immortality.

The dome, formed like a mighty bud about to be unfolded, seems translucent. It shines with a soft luminousness; it is as if about to part from earth and ascend heavenward. You lose the sense of the crystalline stone of which it is wrought, and feel only the soaring thought that conceived it.

The design of the building is as simple as it is matchless; as simple as a flower. Domed pavilions surround the central



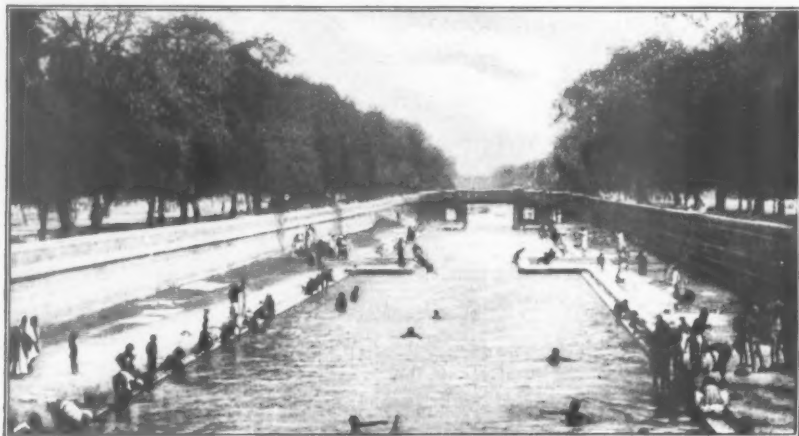
PALACE ON THE LAKE AT ODHYPOOR.

dome. The façade centers in a pointed arch, the panels, inlaid with precious marbles, of hues like precious stones, forming a flowing pattern refined as the tracery of ferns. This delicious venturing of fairy color vivifies the grandeur into beauty that is absolute. It wins the heart like the innocent sportiveness of infants in the austere presence of death.

Midway in the base of the arch is the door of entrance—a little rectangle of dark in the tender whiteness. It gives the finishing touch and the scale of the whole. Visitors ascend the screened marble steps of the platform and pass across the snowy pavement to this door; and as I looked I saw a group of native women, looking at that distance as if clothed in jewels, or

sunlight from without. There are inner screens similarly pierced, so that the light which rests upon the tombs themselves has filtered through three of them. An octagonal structure, higher than your head, surrounds the marble sarcophagi, inlaid with precious stones. It is a marvel of arabesques and flowers wrought in polished marble, through the interstices of which you may pass your hand. That inner screen alone is unique in the architecture of ornament.

After the first few moments the dimness becomes wholly transparent, so that the smallest details of beauty are visible. It is a wondrous light, such as might dwell in the windings of a pearl shell. It pervades all places equally, defining the



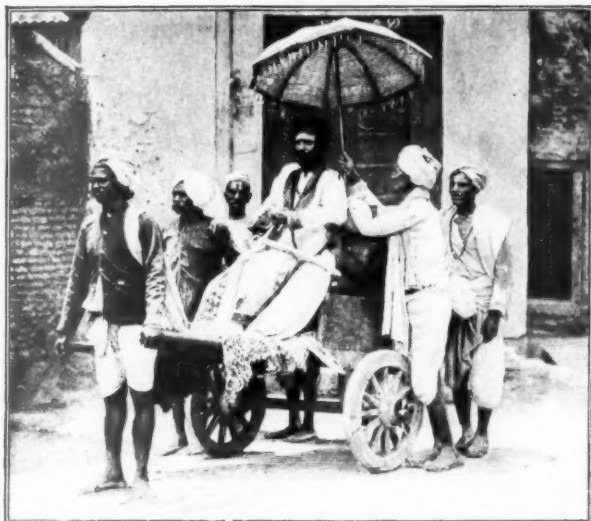
BATHING IN THE GANGES CANAL AT CAWNPOOR.

like the mingling petals of gorgeous flowers—yellow, purple, scarlet, white, green; or like painted butterflies alighting, so elfin small, but yielding just the element of delicate splendor that the marvelous spectacle required. They glowed athwart the glistening terrace, and vanished slowly, one after one, within the little door. Beauty abides within the Taj as well as without; and after sitting long to gaze in the garden, I traversed the remainder of the cypress avenue, and myself gained the little door—little now no longer—and passed through into the dim but clear interior.

The outer walls of the Taj are paneled with marble screens, pierced with carving, through which filtered the white

subtlest hues of the gems inlaid upon the sarcophagi, and reaching to the farthest confines of the hollow dome. Except upon the tombs and upon the screen, there is not an atom of color in the whole gracious interior.

The sarcophagus of the Sultana, for whom the Taj was built, rests in the exact center of the floor and of the entire structure. The pattern of the tessellated pavement centers there. But close beside it stands the other sarcophagus, slightly larger, but in other respects its counterpart. I need not repeat the touching story of these royal lovers. The husband lies beside the wife whom he adored, whom he made immortal, and through whom he himself achieved immortality.



A SADH, ONE OF THE HINDU PRIESTS.

From an architectural standpoint he is an interloper there ; but love is a higher law, and justifies his presence, and brings the Taj closer than ever to our hearts.

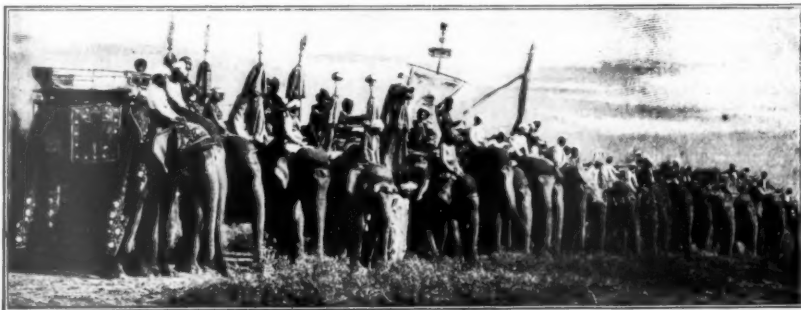
The old priest who acts as guide and guardian, after he has explained what little needs interpretation, lifts up his quavering voice and sends it forth in a long, undulating cry. It is not in itself a musical note by any means ; but no sooner has it left his lips than it becomes transfigured into such music as cannot elsewhere be heard on earth. It mounts into the dome, wandering and returning, becoming every instant purified into more

build ; for he has made the groans of bereaved mortality take wings beneath his dome, and become divinely reconciled with the soul of all beauty.

The Taj Mahal belongs not to the Sultan and his Sultana, but to all true lovers in the world. When we create true beauty, it ceases to be ours. It is the home of lovers ; free to all, yet sacred to each. It is the incarnation of the holiest and purest elements of human life. And India, cursed though it now be with pestilence, famine, bloodshed and idolatry, still wears upon her tortured forehead the jewel of the world—the Taj Mahal.

exquisite and fine-drawn perfections of enchanted harmony ; and still lives and vibrates in a magical remoteness, the more ravishing the more remote ; and sighs itself into silence that yet seems spiritually vocal, and is gone at last—or is it gone ? If you have known what it is to love and to lose, you cannot listen to this divine vanishing without a swelling of the throat. If such be the voice of sorrow, surely she must sing in heaven. Wisely and lovingly did the old builder

D. S. Marsh, Esq., of South Bend, Indiana, has generously forwarded to THE COSMOPOLITAN a check for three hundred dollars for the benefit of the starving in India. Through the courtesy of Mr. Frissell, President Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, and Messrs. Heidelberg, Ickelheimer & Co., the amount was cabled to the Rev. Rockwell Clancy, Missionary at Allahabad, free of all charges for transmission.





BEDROOM IN WHICH
KING DUNCAN WAS MURDERED.

THE CASTLE OF THE THANE OF CAWDOR.

BY ELLEN PAINTER CUNNINGHAM.

FEW of the many Americans visiting Inverness seem to be aware of the proximity of Cawdor Castle, where Macbeth murdered King Duncan after becoming Thane of Cawdor. Baedeker gives a passing hint on the subject, but this is unavailing unless the tourist happens to be equipped with such an article as an "extra day," which will surely become a memorable one if appropriated for an excursion to the castle. Leaving Inverness on the top of a four-in-hand coach, there is a wide view of the surrounding country, for the road ascends above the town; and off to the southeast, like a dusky cairngorm set in its silvery-mountain shores, lies Loch Ness. Farther along, for miles the route traverses the moorlands, which, if happily it be an August morning, are banked by Nature, the unrivaled florist, with rosy heather-bloom. The clear, exhilarating northern atmosphere illuminates existence with the glow of pleasure, until at the end of the drive of over two hours, and the village of Cawdor is reached, every blast of the coach's horn joyously "applauds to the

echo" King Duncan's exclamation to Banquo when they first stood before the castle: "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air, nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our senses."

During numerous centuries the size and stateliness of the castle have accumulated, until now court opens into court, and within the imposing gray-stone walls, "Sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care" for fifty souls, while around all still flows the moat, crossed by an ancient drawbridge, guarded by a portcullis, near which hangs a ponderous bell. Over the castle, distinctly outlined against the radiant blue sky, floats a white flag, bearing a blue stag's head with red antlers—the crest of the Campbells, the present owners of the castle.

As to the ancestors of these landowners something was learned from the extensive chatter of the versatile Scot who sold sixpenny admission tickets to the castle in a combination bakery, grocery, dry-goods store, insurance agency and post-office. Multifarious occupations were no impediments to prattle, the purport of

which ran about as follows: First it was explained that the proceeds from the sale of tickets were bestowed upon the parochial poor, among whom were included descendants of the original owners of the estate, and visitors were earnestly entreated not to attempt an entrance into the interesting precincts before the hour appointed for admission, when the family went to drive, because at one time the castle had been almost closed to the public in consequence of its impatient intrusion, not only into the rooms intended for exhibition, but even into the owner's private dressing-room. Before gossiping of the past, the loquacious villager pro-

scribed later. In the fifteenth century, the little heiress Muriel, while out walking with her nurse one day was seized and carried off by members of the Campbell clan, though not before the desperate nurse had bitten off a piece of the child's finger to insure identification. A fierce struggle between the Calders and Campbells ensued, resulting in the conquest of the castle by the latter, who thereupon proceeded to marry the captive maiden to the handsomest man of their clan, and forced her family to become laborers on the estate, a position occupied by them unto this day. The name of "Muriel" has been repeated through



DINING-ROOM IN CAWDOR CASTLE.

duced a token of inherited friendly relations with the family of the castle and of his conversance with their affairs—namely, an ivory miniature of the present Earl of Cawdor's great-great-grandmother, presented by her daughter to the speaker's grandmother.

The gossip was of no *fin-de-siècle* flavor, but spiced with the romance of days of yore, beginning with the issue of the castle's charter, in 1392, to the Calders, whose name was converted into Cawdor. The building of the castle was begun about 1400 on a site that was selected in a curious manner, to be de-

many generations—a perpetual reminder of the kidnapping episode.

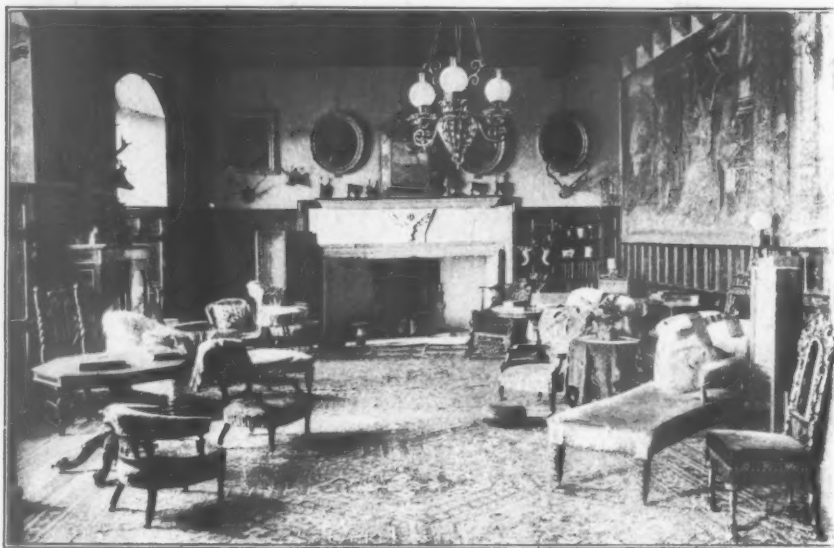
Pondering over the past, it was restful to stroll away from the chatter of the village shop to the woods of the domain, where the stream seemed to murmur of bygone romances, for which the alluring beech, white birch, holly and evergreen trees must have furnished attractive stage-settings.

At length the hour appointed for admission to the castle arrived. Entering, a beaming, buxom housekeeper acted as chatelaine. The stair carpet was woven in the pattern of the Campbell tartan,

dark-green and blue, barred with red, and the bedrooms were all either numbered or labeled with the occupant's name—these were trifling items, beguiling the attention before more important objects arrested it. Every part of the castle in daily use was instinct with comfortable home-life, even the tapestry-hung dining-hall was cheery—a child's toy, a Noah's ark, left on the floor relieving the sombre suggestion of the mantel, carved with the initials "M. C." and "J. C." and the date, 1510. As a sample of what may be accomplished in the line of an anachronism, it was noted that the mantel was also embellished with a carving of a fox

tended to erect the castle. Not being able to agree upon the location for it, it was finally decided to build wherever the donkey bearing the treasure-chest should pause to rest. This thorn tree is the one by which he stopped, and it was carefully preserved in the structure.

Climbing several flights of stone stairs in this oldest part of the castle, a large white-walled room, the Mecca of Shakespearean devotees, was reached. There, close to the door, stands the great high-posted bed on which King Duncan lay, it was stated, when Macbeth entered to murder him. Any artistic guest is allowed to sleep a night in this greswome

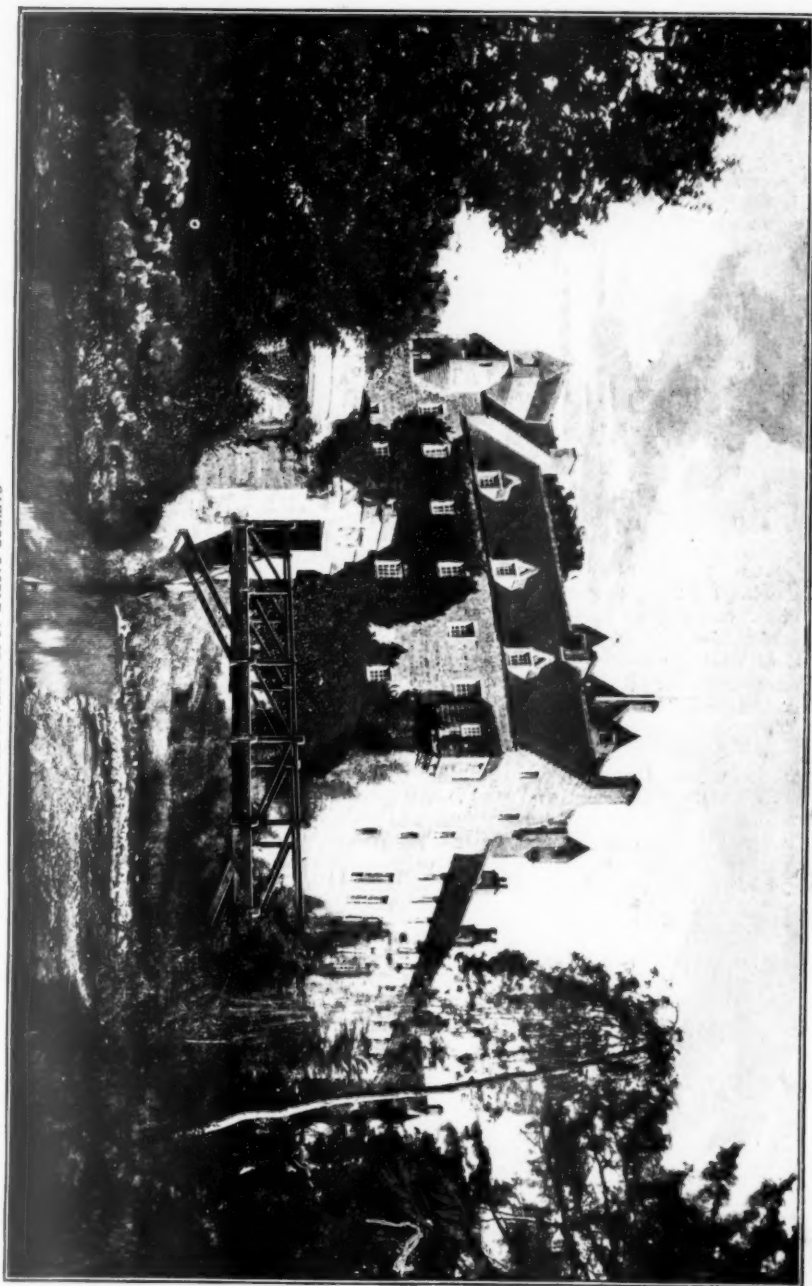


THE DRAWING-ROOM.

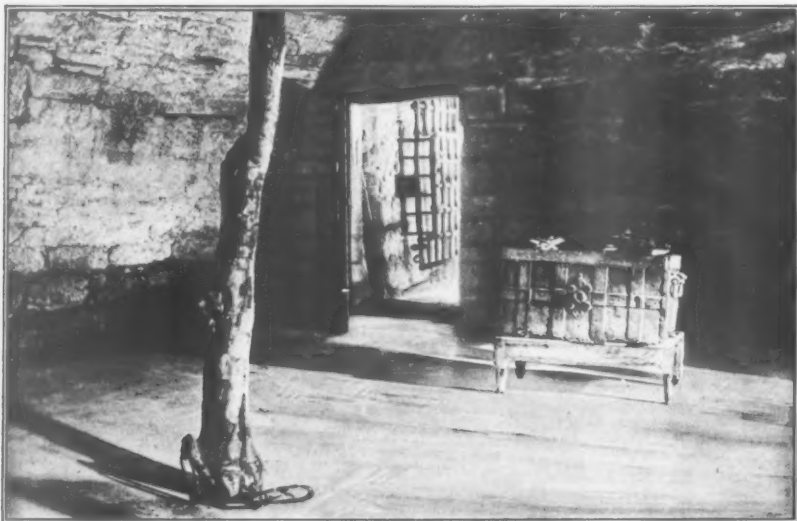
smoking a pipe in 1510, fifty years before Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England! Verily, energetic as he may esteem himself, the American reynard would certainly never try to compete with such British enterprise.

The two most interesting rooms inspected remain to be mentioned. In the lower part of the castle was a dark "dungeon," as the Scotch term it, in the middle of which stands the remains of a tree exactly where it grew centuries ago. Against a wall is an ancient iron-bound oak chest, which, it was related, had contained the treasure of the men who in-

room on condition that he leave on the wall a charcoal sketch illustrating the play of "Macbeth"—accordingly, Lady Macbeth walks, candle in hand, on one wall, the dagger and Macbeth appear on another near the door, while over the fireplace hover the "weird sisters." It is probable that as the privileged guest drowzes off on the bed of such dire associations, with the wind sighing through the trees, and the moon shining in in a ghostly way, that his brain is haunted by such thrilling quotations as: "Hark! Peace—it was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st



CAWDOR CASTLE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.



THE DUNGEON.

good-night." Or starting up, perchance he whispers: "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more; Macbeth does murder sleep.'" Naturally, next day, when leaving a sketch behind him, the guest exclaims: "O proper stuff, this is the very painting of your fear!"

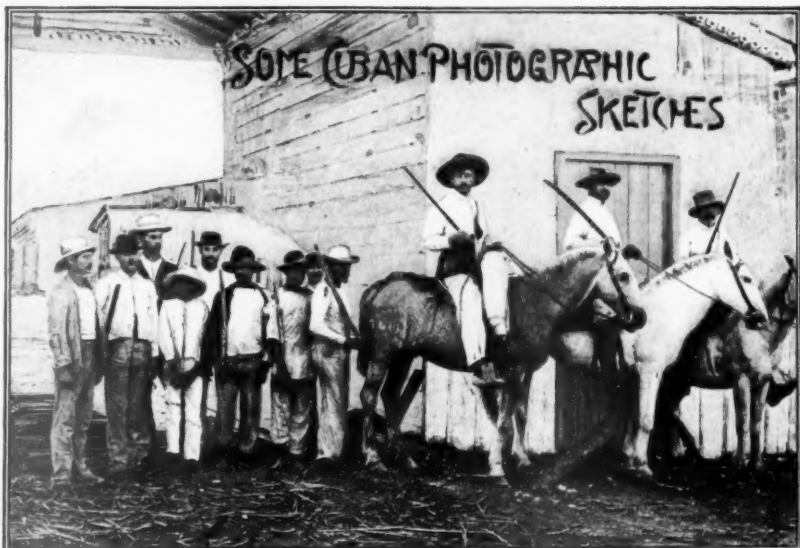
That the artists who chance to visit Cawdor Castle are not over zealous in a search for sensational inspiration is attested by the fact that so few drawings embellish the walls of the fateful room. The privilege of sleeping in Duncan's bed is rarely taken advantage of, although it has for many years been the custom to extend it.

These reflections were interrupted by an urgent signal from the coach's horn, quickly persuading one "not to be dainty with leave-takings, but to shift away;" nevertheless, looking back from the coach at the castle, around which the trees grouped themselves like sentinels, who would say: "Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn," and at that serious hour which comes ever when the "Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rocky wood," the speculation

arose, "Were such things here as we do speak about; or have we eaten the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?" The answer to this query was found in a reprint of "Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland," published in 1577, which places the authentic murder of King Duncan about 1046, almost four hundred years before the castle's foundation. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud without our special wonder?"

Other authorities assert that Duncan was murdered by Macbeth at Bothgowan, near Elgin, in 1040. The Scottish historians and the Norse sages so contradict each other concerning this period that an almost impenetrable cloud of doubt hangs over it. Shakespeare seized the weird story as told by Boece and translated in Holinshed, and history can hardly displace the tragedy, so true to the dark side of human nature, by the meagre outline at its command. This outline is unquestionably supported by authentic evidence, and agrees with the situation which existed between the death of Malcolm II. (Duncan's grandfather) and the accession of Malcolm Canmore.





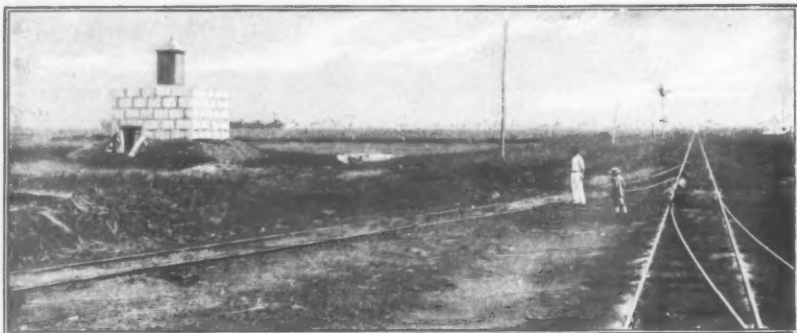
MOUNTED CUBANS LOOKING FOR INSURGENT RECRUITS. AS WAS THE CASE DURING OUR CIVIL WAR, THOSE PRESENTING THEMSELVES IN CHARGE OF A CERTAIN NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS RECEIVE THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT.

THE accompanying story without words of the conditions now existing in Cuba is told by photographs recently taken by Mr. Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., the Cuban war correspondent. They give a vivid impression of the

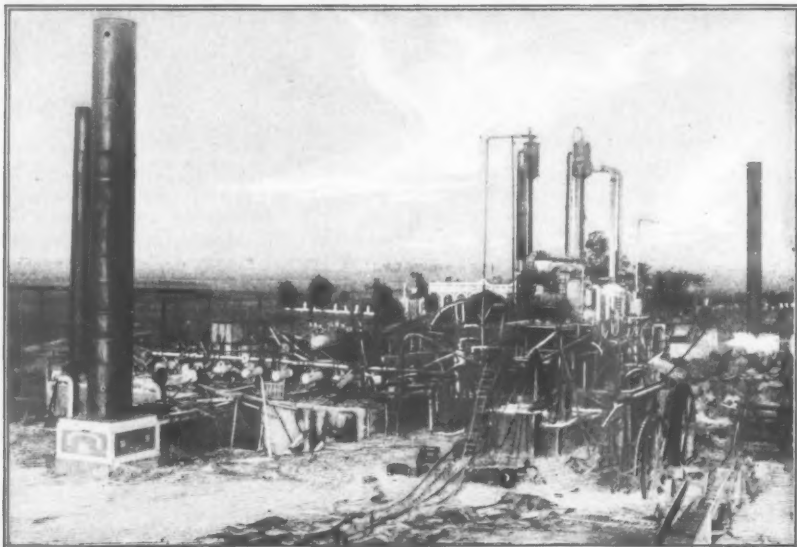
country and its people. During his stay in Cuba Mr. Dawley enjoyed exceptional opportunities to catch and preserve on the plates of his camera scenes and incidents in both the Spanish and insurgent camps.



DYING INSURGENT FOUND IN THE GRASS AFTER AN ATTACK ON A RAILROAD TRAIN. IN THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER IS THE COMPANY OF SPANIARDS WHO REPULSED THE ATTACK.



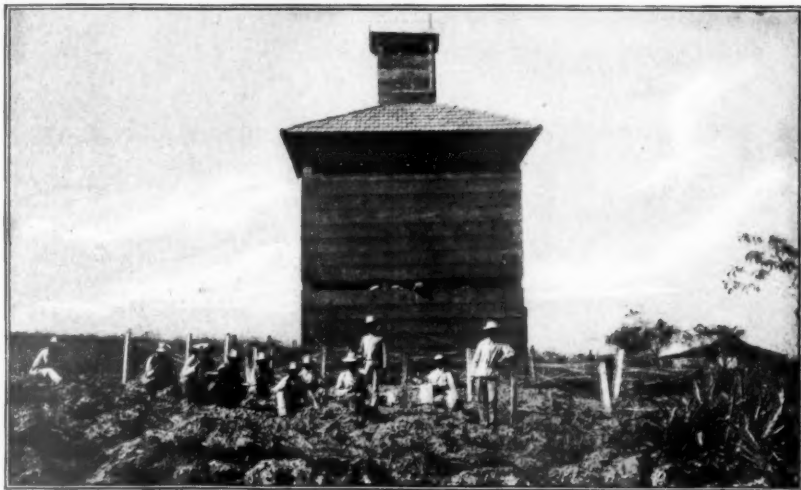
STONE FORT BUILT BY THE SPANISH TO GUARD THE RAILWAY AT A JUNCTION NEAR JORELLANOS.



RUINS OF A SUGAR-MAKING PLANT DESTROYED BY THE INSURGENTS.



RESIDENCE ON THE ESTATE OF CARMEN DE CRESPO BURNED BY THE INSURGENT FORCES.



TYPE OF THE SO-CALLED WOODEN "FORTS" BUILT ALONG THE TROCHA. THIS ONE IS IN THE CHAIN AROUND MATANZAS.



THE LOWER WINDOWS OF THE CITY HOUSES ARE HEAVILY BARRED, NOT TO KEEP THE SENORITAS IN, BUT AS A PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS.



FORT GUARDING THE RAILROAD TO SAN FELIPE. A SPANISH VOLUNTEER ACTING AS SENTINEL.



SOME OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S SOLDIERS WHO HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES TO BE EXPERTS WITH THE MACHETE.



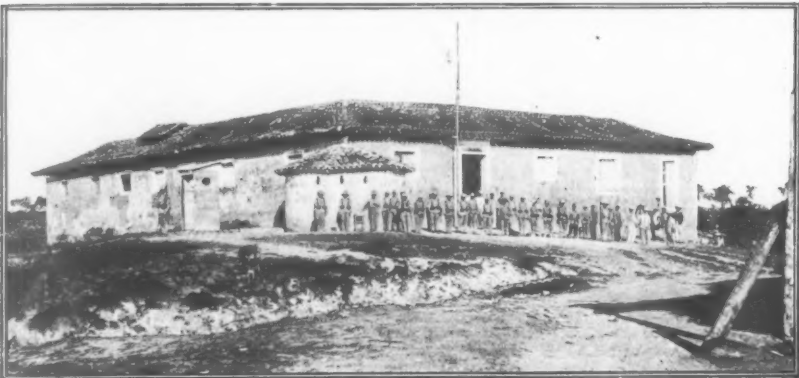
BATABANO HARBOR, THIRTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH OF HAVANA, SHOWING VILLAGE SACKED AND BURNED.



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A VILLAGE IN PINAR DEL RIO PROVINCE AFTER THE INSURGENTS HAD DEPARTED.



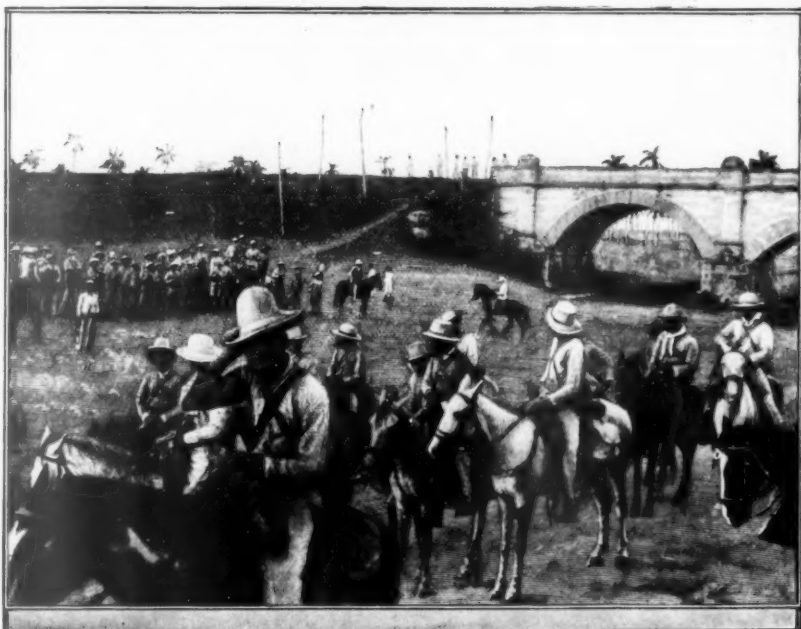
RESIDENCE OF A WELL-TO-DO SUGAR-PLANTER ON THE SANTO DOMINGO ESTATE—ONE OF THE FEW WHICH HAVE SO FAR ESCAPED DESTRUCTION.



FORT GUARDING SAN JUAN DE LAS YERAS. DURING A RECENT ATTACK THE SPANISH GARRISON FIRED OVER TWO THOUSAND SHOTS, HITTING ONLY ONE OF THE ATTACKING PARTY.



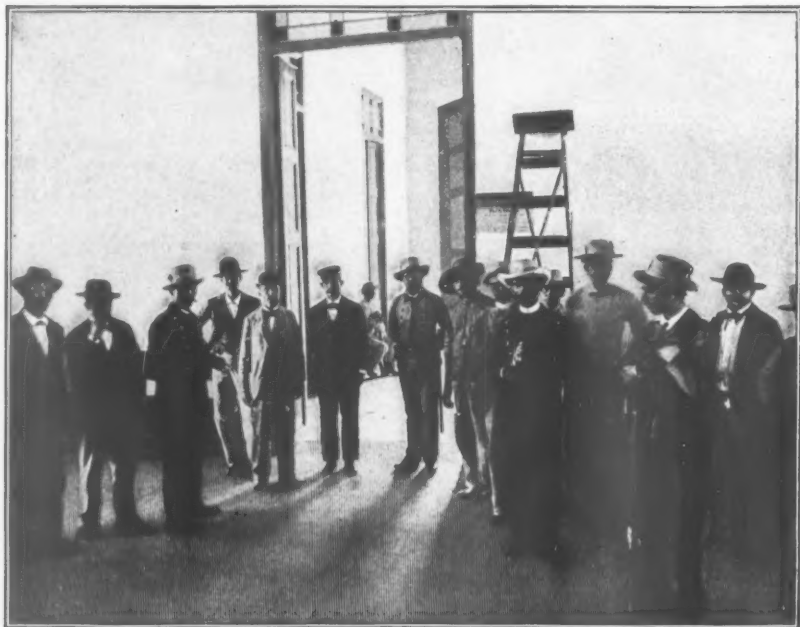
SPANISH TRANSPORT TRAIN BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL AT A BRIDGE WHICH THE INSURGENTS HAD ATTEMPTED TO BURN.



SPANISH "GUERRILLAS" AT UNION DE REYES. IT IS TO THIS BODY OF IRREGULAR CAVALRY THAT THE CHARGE OF SO MANY OUTRAGES AND BARBARITIES IS LAID.



THIS PICTURE IS THE RESULT OF AN ATTEMPT TO PHOTOGRAPH A SPANISH COLUMN GOING INTO ACTION NEAR UNION DE REYES.



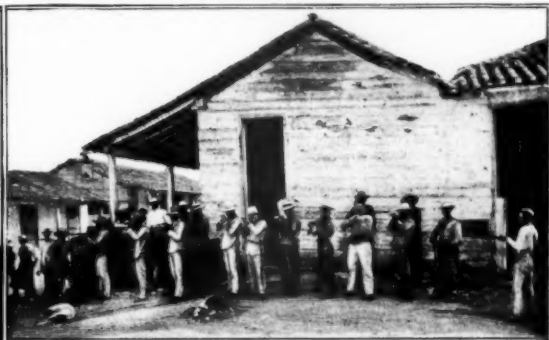
WAITING-ROOM IN THE RAILROAD STATION AT SANTA CLARA. THE MEN IN UNIFORM ARE MEMBERS OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL.



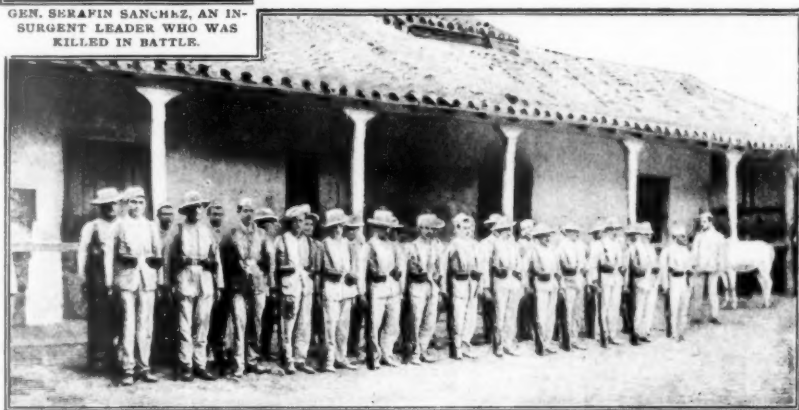
STAGE-COACH WHICH FORMERLY PAID TRIBUTE TO THE INSURGENTS FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF CARRYING PASSENGERS BETWEEN TWO SMALL TOWNS IN THE INTERIOR.



GEN. SERAFIN SANCHEZ, AN INSURGENT LEADER WHO WAS KILLED IN BATTLE.



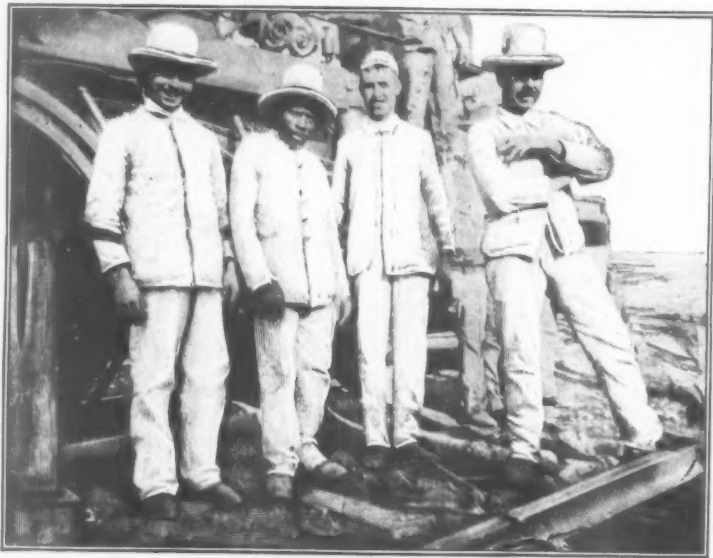
SPANISH VOLUNTEERS POSING TO SHOW HOW THEY HAD REPELLED AN ATTACK OF INSURGENTS ON THEIR VILLAGE.



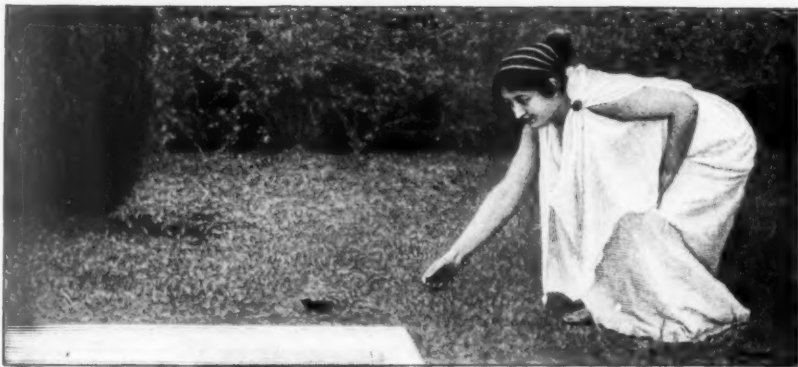
GARRISON AWAITING INSPECTION IN THE COURTYARD OF THE FORT AT SAN JUAN DE LAS YERAS.



CUBAN REFUGEES ON BOARD A STEAMER BOUND FOR NEW YORK.



SPANISH SOLDIERS AND NEGRO PRISONER.



Drawn by Jose Cabrinety.

BY LUCILE RUTLAND.

ONE morning I went to a great park, and I saw a little bird
twittering about in the grass—

I looked up at the sky and down at the bird—"Dear God, only to
have wings!" I said.

My movement frightened the little creature; but instead of seeking
refuge in the familiar freedom of the sky, it feebly fluttered
helpless wings and wildly sought for covert in the tangled grass—

Then once more I looked up at the sky and down at the bird—
"O God, to have bruised wings!" I said.

* * * * *

I went on into a great city, and I saw a poet stand upon the steps
of a lofty Parthenon and sing of Truth—

I looked down at the world and up at the poet—"Dear God, only
to sing of Truth!" I said.

I waited long to see the world pause and give heed to the singer and
the song; but it passed on as though it heard him not. And
I saw him draw his cloak about his face and weep even while
he sung—

Then once more I looked down at the world and up at the poet—
"O God, to sing of Truth unheard!" I said.

* * * * *



Drawn by José Cabrinety.

I went on to the shore of a great sea, and I saw a woman stand there
with happy 'love-light in her eyes and gaze out at the white
sails of her lover's ship—

I looked out at the ship and down at the woman—"Dear God, only
to have Love!" I said.

At even-tide I looked to where the woman watched the white sails,
and I saw through the closing shadows a wrecked vessel out
at sea and the woman, with despair in her eyes, kneeling
desolate on the shore—

Then once more I looked out at the ship and down at the woman—
"O God, to have loved and lost!" I said.





Drawn by
B. West Clineinst.

MRS. CLYDE.

BY

JULIEN GORDON

"SHE LIT A CIGARETTE FOR HIM."

X.—Continued.

SHE dined in the evening to emulate Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss, whose perfidy she had not forgotten, although she was ready to condone it. She put her dinner half an hour later, and had two men servants instead of one.

"She will go it one better every time," said Mr. Remington, originating the slang phrase.

Yet, though she lived very well and even luxuriously, she did not propose to appeal to the world through its palate. She dared ask people to a cup of tea, and was the first to curtail the abundance of the banquet. "Congenial people, that is the secret," she said to herself, "and to divert them." She would have liked Sunday evenings, but compromised upon Saturday. Sunday night receptions would have scandalized the town, which closed its doors after the midday meal that its domestics might go out walking, while

the children conned the catechism of a Luther or a Channing, or were conveyed to Sunday classes.

These Saturday evenings grew into a certain popularity. Men and youths, Cambridge professors, *flâneurs*, artists, now and again a homeless foreigner, to whom nothing better was offered than to sup at Taft's on fish and game, to drive across the long bridge to Parker's tavern, or attend a mediocre theatrical performance, found their way to the Beacon Street abode. Half a dozen clever women—one has to be clever to dare breast the current, still cleverer not to be swamped by it—dropped in, with their husbands or their daughters. There was informal music, and cakes and wine.

Lazy women who will not take the trouble to see to it that their dinner is properly ordered are usually dissatisfied with other people's dinners. None are so mocking at entertainments as those who never entertain. Women incapable of the slight-

est effort or mental perseverance always belittle what plodding industry accomplishes. It is the workers who are the lenient critics. Indolence, it must be admitted, was not a Boston failing, only to Mrs. Clyde it seemed all work and no result. She wanted result.

"All their spring," she was wont to say, "is wasted hunting moths and mice, in airing curtains and beating carpets, while all the winter is consumed in preparing for the spring's upheaval." She had always detested household work. She could now leave it to others. Yet her bringing up had taught her the worth of money. She disliked to be cheated. She was not extravagant and, therefore, not popular with the *valetaille*, to whom the ostentation of the spendthrift determines his value.

But in her drawing-rooms she knew how to make men laugh, and even when recounting a wrangle with her cook or footman, she did so with so much nerve and spirit that gayety was aroused and dullness banished. Mr. Remington, who had come first from curiosity, then from interest, had now become attached to her. He was her constant visitor. He and the few women who had discovered her were loud in her praises.

"They say there is no harm in her at all," said a lady to Mrs. Prentiss—their doors had not yet opened to the newcomer—"that she is not a bit wicked."

"Who ever thought she was wicked?" said Mrs. Prentiss.

"When men are so delighted with a married woman, I have generally supposed she must be wicked."

"Folderol," said Mrs. Prentiss, who was becoming a little tired of Mrs. Clyde. "She makes them laugh, that is all, and we are a solemn lot, my dear."

"They say she receives very prettily."

"Well, let her," said Mrs. Prentiss, shortly.

"Shall you call upon her?"

"I don't know her."

"Why, Mr. Remington says she came to your ball years ago?"

"I believe Charlie Devereux brought her—yes, once when she was a girl. The rooms were crowded. I did not remark her."

"She is very handsome."

"Is she? Poor old Clyde isn't, though."

"They say he really appears wonderfully well."

"Do you expect me to have such a figurehead at my dinner table? Let him stay and dust his pianos, where he belongs. I always thought him a very decent old creature."

To Mr. Remington Mrs. Clyde confided all her misadventures with an openness which was enchanting. Toward the Devereux she had become reticent, and deceived Clara as to her social triumphs to the stretched limit of this lady's credulity.

"I can't give dinner parties," she said to Remington, "because Mr. Clyde hates them." Their eyes met, and Gabriella stifled a laugh in her cambric handkerchief.

"That is an excellent reason."

"To give," said Gabriella, whose humor could not always dissimulate. She preferred for her husband the looser contact of the soirée, where mockers would observe less closely his unfitness for light pleasantry. "Poor dear," she went on, "my Saturday nights do not bother him much, because he goes at seven o'clock to singing school at the little chapel he supports in Leverett Street, and later plays cribbage with an old uncle who lives at the South End, close to the Deacon house. Why did Mr. Deacon build his French château in the wrong place, I wonder?"

"He had a soul above location."

Mr. Remington always received her revelations with due heed, remarking now that a philanthropic husband had advantages.

With the self-respect which her native good sense rendered elastic only in extreme cases, Mrs. Clyde never spoke slightly of her husband. "He is not the least bit a man of the world," she would say, "but he is very able for all that, and a great support to me."

"Every one speaks well of him," said Mr. Remington.

"And that is as I would wish," she answered very charmingly. "He did not have early advantages like my father. I mean, he is not like papa, so fond of books, scholarly."

Mr. Remington had once met her father. He had met everybody.

"Dear papa, had he possessed more ambition, he would have been a senator

of the United States by this time, or in the Cabinet, or—or—something. He was born to shine, but is too retiring."

"I remember that I admired him," said Mr. Remington, with his infinite tact.

"Who would not?" She turned and fixed him with her dark eyes, which now flashed defiance. "Why do the women act so? Why do they treat me so? Am I a leper?" She got up and paced the room angrily, with a spot of color burning on her cheeks and a certain hardness on her mouth, which was the least attractive of her features.

"She has got a temper," thought Remington, and liked her for it. "My dear Mrs. Clyde," he said abruptly, "they are too dull to realize what they lose."

"I think myself that they are shortsighted," she answered, reseating herself by the fire, but uttering the words with an earnestness which brooded purpose.

Her plans of warfare were hampered in the next Autumn by finding herself *enceinte*.

Gabriella was wont to say in after years that a woman who has not borne a child knows not the meaning of existence. It is to be supposed, therefore, that the ordeal did not pass over her without significance. However meager were the fulfilments of her maternal hopes, however small the peace which motherhood brought to her, it nevertheless, undoubtedly, left its mark upon her nature. She always retained *élans* of generosity and sincere kindness, which may have been the fruits of this experience. She passed the Summer at the "Nahant House," where she was practically alone. The other guests did not meet her requisitions. The owners of the neighboring cottages, intimate among themselves, ignored her.

Her parents came to visit her in Beacon Street at Thanksgiving time. They had far too much sagacity to be overpowered by the prosperity of their daughter, yet were too guileless to perceive that to have everything others want and not what one wants oneself is not attainment. Mr. Dunham enjoyed the library. Mrs. Dunham asked to inspect the storeroom and the linen closet, whose size and convenience she commended. When they said farewell at last and were ensconced

in the smart carriage, with its liveried Englishmen and docked horses, which conveyed them to the station—Boston ideas of style lay still in the black-coated Yankee driver and long-tailed nags—they looked at one another and smiled.

"Our Gella will have opportunities for self-culture in the leisure of easy circumstance," said Mr. Dunham. "I advised her to do some serious reading in unoccupied hours."

"Philetus makes her a fine husband," said Mrs. Dunham. "It has seemed to me extraordinary she should have preferred him to Walter Perry. Walter's age was more suitable and he was more brilliant, but our affections are providential, and it may be for the best."

"Philetus is an honorable man," said Mr. Dunham. "My obligations to him are incalculable. He came to me in my need."

"He came to us in our dark hour; but you will repay all in time, I trust. Things, I believe, are improving?"

"Yes. It was only a moment's danger he helped me to bridge."

"I must say," said Mrs. Dunham, settling her bonnet, "that as a housekeeper Gabriella is quite up to the mark. Her parlor girl is a good caretaker. I fear her cook is wasteful. I did not like the men servants; they are less neat than girls. I hope she realizes the importance of personal supervision in such a large establishment. I was pleased with the appearance of the closets. Her shelves are arranged as I long have desired for myself. She appeared to realize the responsibilities of wealth, and with new duties—" She longed to speak to her husband of the impending grandbaby, but desisted. It would have seemed to her immodest.

Mrs. Clyde's sisters also came to her. She was glad to see her people come and glad to see them go. She enjoyed their presence as we do that of invalids to whom we carefully conceal the storm and stress of life. Dimly she already realized that she and they progressed on different paths. In fact years weakened materially the tie which bound her to her family, and while there never came an open breach, gradually, by tacit consent, intercourse became infrequent. Ringletta's husband grew into a successful man, and

they moved into a house of their own in Dunham. Lydian married well, also in Dunham. Mary remained in the old homestead after her mother died, caring for her father, who lived to a ripe old age. Gabriella alone became known in the great outside world.

When Mr. Clyde's little girl was born and the tiny pink morsel was laid by the nurse in its father's arms, there was no prouder, happier man in Boston town. He knelt beside his wife's side in chastened gratitude and left a tear upon her hand.

XI.

Gabriella and her sister Ringletta had as girls been taken to see a popular actress in the rôle of "The Lady of Lyons." They had then and there concluded that Bulwer's heroine was the most alluring of her sex, and that if they ever had a daughter she should be named Pauline. The whim clung to Mrs. Clyde's fancy. She named her baby girl Pauline, to which she added the odd cognomen of de Lyons, pronounced in French. She liked the de. At eight years old Miss Pauline herself concluded that she was a titled personage, to whom peculiar homage was due. But, it may be added, that she was also imbued with the obligations of the *noblesse oblige*. She had a natural courtesy which sometimes astonished her elders. When about that age she learned to play upon the piano a little piece so correctly that her mother often called upon her to give it to the company. On one occasion another little girl being present had blundered through a waltz, leaving the piano discomfited with her mistakes. Pauline, as usual, was invited to execute her *cheval de bataille*. Contrary to expectation, she acquitted herself with mediocre success. On being reproved by her mamma, who, mortified and vexed, said:

"Why, Pauline, you knew it perfectly. What was the matter with you?"

She whispered in response: "Do not scold me, dear mamma. She played so badly I thought she might cry if I played better."

Mr. Remington, who was present, was greatly impressed by this exquisite form of hospitality, and spoke of it afterwards to her mother as of the keynote of a char-

acter which would some day make itself felt. Gabriella understood it less well. She was not sure if such unselfishness, such Quixotic abnegation, might not arise from a tendency to self-effacement, which might prove dangerous. She felt that the invisible and weightless harness she meant to adjust upon her colt might yet be found too weighty and get kicked off. In fact Miss Pauline evinced, even at this tender age, a decided tendency to kicking, in which unamiable propensity she was secretly abetted by Mr. Remington and such of Mrs. Clyde's gentlemen friends as were victims of the child's very pronounced fascinations.

That social distinctions were not entirely unappreciated by Pauline was made evident to Mr. Remington one afternoon, when he was the unseen auditor of a one-sided dialogue between Miss Pauline de Lyons and her doll.

"My dear," she was saying to this long-suffering puppet, administering at the same time many taps and raps upon her skull, "I called you Clara Devereux yesterday instead of Rosy, because Aunt Clara is a lady and Rosy is only a nurse, and though that is a pretty name, I must not call you after a nurse. I like Rosy, but I am going to change your name again. You have not been vaccinated yet, so I can. When little girls haven't been vaccinated their names can be changed. I'll have it done next week. You are now Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss, so, miss, sit up and look grand. Your carriage is at the door."

Pauline tossed her yellow mane, and waived this announcement, propping up dolly into a standing posture. Mr. Remington pressed forward, and taking the little one in his arms, leaned to her cheek.

"It is not permitted," said Pauline, and gave him her hand to kiss.

It was about this time that the Civil War broke out. Mrs. Clyde found her hopes more than ever dimmed and distanced. She wisely concluded that Europe would be a wider and safer field of action than her own distraught land. She therefore persuaded Mr. Clyde, while these internecine clouds lowered, that their daughter's education required the advantages of music and of foreign tongues, which Italy and France alone could furnish, and that she must travel. It took

her exactly eight weeks to decide him. At the expiration of this period he stood with tears rolling down his cheeks at the grimy New York dock, away from which was sailing all that he held most precious. Mrs. Clyde, in a very bright bonnet, fluttered a vigorous handkerchief, while the nurse held up little Pauline against the railing. Long after her golden head and his wife's scarlet turban had disappeared, Mr. Clyde still stood in the cold, drizzling rain, shivering and staring. Then, with a sigh, drawing his heavy hand across his wet eyes, he buttoned himself up into his great coat, hailed a cab and went back to Boston.

Mrs. Clyde decided to try Italy. She had letters to the American Minister at Rome. She wished they were addressed to crowned heads, cardinals, the Pope, but finding this impracticable, she had compromised on her own Legation. She managed, however, through untiring activity, to collect before her departure, a certain number of introductory documents for various European capitals. These lay snugly in her largest trunk, between her velvet pelisse and her ermine tippet.

As the good ship plowed the waves and lunged hither and thither in the trough of the chopping sea, Mrs. Clyde did not weep; indeed, why should she? She was an excellent sailor, and her visage shone and her heart beat high with trust in herself and belief in destiny. It was this consecutiveness in idea which marked her for victory. The wavering ones live only in the hour. Their rare triumphs prove nothing. There are weak beings to whom the sufferings they inflict are a million times more cruel than those they themselves must bear. The remembrance of her husband's face, forlorn and desolate, left no tormenting sting in the heart of his valiant spouse. The plenitude of life was enough. She indulged in no graceless reverie, but she did see to it that her little girl was cared for and that the maids did their duty.

Having stopped in Paris to replenish her wardrobe, Mrs. Clyde told her courier to arrange for Italy. She arrived in Rome at the end of March. Lent was well nigh over, and the Easter festivities were drawing nigh.

There was living in those days in Rome

an American lady to whom Mrs. Clyde had in vain essayed to bring an introduction. She had somehow failed. International marriages were less an every-day occurrence then than now. This lady had married an Italian prince. The prince had proved a poor investment. He had deserted her, and was now traveling on the Continent with an impoverished countess of similarly nomadic tastes. He had left behind him, however, besides his wife, some solid advantages: an old palazzo in Rome, whose stately grandeur was made habitable by her large dowry; a villa in the Apennines, and some family plate and jewels. The abandonment of these material advantages for the chance and peril of a love journey had somewhat reëstablished him in the minds of the sen-



Drawn by B. West Clineinst.

"MRS. DUNHAM ASKED TO INSPECT THE LINEN CLOSET."

timentalists. The conservative element, on the contrary, the moralists, blamed him severely, and thought a man who forsook beauty and innocence and the enjoyment of its income for stinted rations of macaroni and polenta must, indeed, be shameless and desperately wicked. The Principessa herself, rather to the surprise of her female acquaintances, who had been wont to listen awed to the details of the Italian husband's perfidies, now assumed a broken-winged attitude, lamenting this new act of treachery with a woe tinged with acrimony.

"I should think it would be almost a relief, my dear," the Minister's wife said when coming to condole. "I believe, by the contract, your money is all settled on yourself."

The Princess had fixed the ambassadress with her large dark eyes, but her lips had parted, exhibiting her white, regular teeth with an almost wolfish fierceness. "It makes me so angry when I think of it, I could tear him into shreds."

"But I thought you had learned to hate him?"

"Yes, I hate him."

"Then?"

"I wished him to come in and dine at the table. Was that much to demand of a husband, I ask you?"

"No—but—"

Then she turned and said to the Minister's wife: "If your Theoderic"—Theoderic was the Minister—"walked off with, say, little Nellie's governess, or—your maid—or anything like that, wouldn't you mind? This Countess Porpora is a nobody—mere scuff—not even well-born."

Then the Minister's wife had felt justly annoyed, and answered hotly that her Theoderic had more important pursuits, with a nation's honor on his shoulders, while Italian princes were proverbially idlers and profligates.

The Princess had shaken her head and answered with some sharpness: "Men are men. I believe they are all alike, and a sorry lot they are. I am glad, my dear, you have drawn the only prize, but it is always well to be on the alert. I was strangely blind and am now punished." And it was then she had shown her teeth.

The Minister's wife, remembering the details of the Prince's past infidelities,

which had been unfolded to her during his stormy married experience, marveled greatly. She told her lord, in the sanctity of the nuptial chamber, that she feared Aurelia d'Istria was a little "touched" with all her troubles, and she mysteriously laid an ominous finger on her placid brow.

Notwithstanding these occasional outbreaks of outraged human nature, the Princess d'Istria had her quieter moments, and these were devoted to keeping up her position, as she would have styled it.

She was a very lovely woman, of a romantic, dark-eyed personality, tall and elegantly made, and with an unspotted reputation. It had become a fashion to pet and coddle her, and the Church, which she had embraced and to which she had generously contributed a great many Yankee ducats, smiled on this new daughter and gave her its benediction and bade her God-speed upon her way. She had become the mode, more even than before her husband's escapade. There are persons whose ambitions and whose tastes clash; such was the Princess. Mrs. Clyde's, on the contrary, were the same. The Princess had generally followed her tastes. She did not care for the world, and had avoided it. Now, however, there was a wound to cover. It must be said for her that her honors had always been more conferred than sought after, and she accepted them, if with satisfaction, without elation. The Princess was proud.

"You ought to know her," the Minister had said to Mrs. Clyde when he called informally in response to her effusive missive from Mr. Remington. Gabriella explained that it was a mere accident that she had no letter to the Princess.

"It would be of service to you; she is a power here, but I dare say my wife can manage it."

Mrs. Clyde responded that she sincerely hoped so. But there was not much time to lose, and the Princess d'Istria made no sign—not much time, because after Easter she was to give a great ball, at which all Rome was bidden. Mrs. Clyde knew that her expected hold on Roman society was over forever if her own compatriot left her out on this occasion. The Minister had given her a dinner party, but there had only been a few ambulant Americans, and Mrs. Clyde had felt more

offended than pleased. The Minister's wife was inclined to put on airs and to enjoy her own importance hugely—an importance which was small enough. Mrs. Clyde's stately apartments in a great palace, where she speedily, deftly and delightfully settled herself, were empty of visitors early or late.

Mrs. Clyde was sadly reflecting on these problems, cursing her legation and its atrophy one morning, while she and her young daughter were being rapidly driven to the shady alleys of the Villa Borghese. They left their carriage at the gate to saunter in the leafy alleys. Annunziata, Pauline's new Italian nurse, walked close behind them, while, at a more respectful distance followed Giuseppe, the footman, carrying wraps. Gabriella walked with her head thrown back and a step charged with portent. She had come to this reposeful spot to think. Her thought was no flaccid introspection, but rather that of the sibyl, prophetic of augury. Something in the force and agility of her movements made an impression upon a languid gentleman who, leaning against a broken column, was smoking a cigarette, looking about him for a sensation. She held her little girl by the hand and followed the path which skirts the road, passing through the Egyptian gateway. She looked down from the artificial ruin upon the private gardens, rested a moment beside the fountain, and finally reached the Casino through shady ways of evergreen and oak. She did not pause in the Atrio to gaze at the reliefs of Claudius' arch or the torso of Pallas, but tripped at once across the salon into the room where Canova's Pauline reclines.

"This Venus was a lady, a princess," she whispered to Pauline, "the sister of a great emperor. She has your name."

"Why has she no clothes on," said Pauline, "if she is a princess? Why does she go naked?"

This remark greatly amused the gentleman, who had been for some time following them, and who was now staring at them through his monocle across the balustrade.

"O daughter of the Pilgrims!" Mrs. Clyde addressed the ambient air and laughed. Another laugh resounded through the hall. It was evident that he

understood English. Their eyes met. Hers were full of mischief; his of admiration. Pauline, who preferred painting to sculpture, was dragging Annunziata to look up at Dosso Dossi's Apollo, at Caravaggio's David.

Count Falconieri, Lionello Falconieri, did, in fact, understand English and spoke it fluently. He had passed two or three years at an English school. He was a well-educated fellow, a trifle restless, through that drop of Malatesta blood bequeathed to him by an ancestry whose fiefs lay about Fossombrone. They were those colonists of the Forum Sempronii who fought in vain against the Goths and Longobards. He drew, perhaps from their misfortunes, that element of pathos which charms women and those changing moods of temper which seem to hold them in a leash of exceptional suffering and joy. He was beginning to tire of a youth spent in idle dreams, tired of his family's pride, which thought, like Joseph II., that to meet its peers it must descend into Capuchin crypts. He longed amid the dust of centuries for a breath of something fresh and modern, even though it were a little crude. Religious through temperament and education, his intellect was pagan, and the absolution of the priest scorched his heart, which he felt had lied. He thought of love constantly, like many young men and all young Latins. His ideals were high ones. He did not view the emergency of Tannhäuser as quite legitimate. Why the Venus or the Elizabeth? Why the wanton or the saint? Grottoes of dalliance or sackcloth and peas in one's shoes? He looked for a woman who should be at once honest and piquant. He was weary of the passionate unreason of the Roman women, their quick surrenderings and daily tyrannies, followed by what tears of remorse and threats of vengeance! His existence seemed to have been reduced to the nutritive life of a plant, such a sameness had fallen upon it. His Greek intellect found him cold in the morning where his Latin fervor had been kindled the night before.

He and Mrs. Clyde, through that "touch of nature," of wholesome laughter, fell into conversation. Some semblance of convention saved the situation. He lent his catalogue to the lady. He begged her to

notice the artificiality and meanness of the Venus before them as compared with the large and suave serenity of the antique models. He led her on to another room to examine the fine ceiling paintings of Conca, which escape the notice of the average traveler.

Mrs. Clyde was delighted. She enjoyed these wonders of art in the society of this very agreeable man—evidently an aristocrat—and when, later, they found they should meet on the morrow at the "*jour*" of the American Minister's wife, they exchanged names.

He had thought her to be English, he told her, until she spoke Italian to him, which she did with a far prettier accent than her British sisters.

Mrs. Clyde had none of that New England reserve which goes mad or dies but never reveals itself. She seemed frankness and simplicity itself to Lionello, who was sick of mustiness and mystery, *les grands gestes* and their consequences. There was a strength about this young woman which appealed strongly to the weakness of purpose he knew in himself. He told himself that life was heavy devoid of accidents and of surprises. Mrs. Clyde was both of these. Before they parted he had asked permission to be formally presented to her on the following evening and then to be allowed to call. He patted Pauline's curls. The child gave him her thin fingers, over which he bowed obeisance.

There are persons who seem born to be birds of passage, perpetually migratory and—even when settled in their own cage—on the perch, as it were—invited, never inviting; ever spectators, never participants; recipients, not donors. Mrs. Clyde was not of these. She had the genius of installation. When Count Falconieri called upon her, after their brief meeting and official introduction at the Minister's, he was impressed with the home-like interior she had already created. She, on her part, found his manners admirable. He was not one of those furtive men who approach women as if they feared a breach of promise suit or at best direct entanglement. He had none of this fatuity. He had the leisure of the man of the world who fears no fetters, but rather invites them; who is not bound to hours or seasons, and does not give to society the

façes of his exhaustion. The *roturier* has inherited the fateful habit of hurry; his conversation is tinged with the puff and snort of the engine pressing to draw its load of early passengers into the haunts of commerce.

Falconieri's leisure and gallantry were now put at Mrs. Clyde's disposal. Nearly every afternoon he came to ask how he might serve her. When she did not send him on some errand or allow him to escort her on a sight-seeing expedition, he stayed late in her drawing-rooms, while she flitted in and out, received other visitors, wrote letters, read the American papers, with their heart-thrilling tidings of armies and battles and the North's early defeats. She told him many things of that distant country, of which his ignorance greatly amused her.

Mrs. Clyde was not a Cleopatra. She did not make the fatal mistake of turning the prow of her galleys away from Actium. Straight into the haven did she steer on the second visit of her new acquaintance.

"Do you know the Princess d'Istria?" she asked him, with one eye on the servant who was bringing in tea, thin slices of bread and butter and a flask of wine.

The twilight was nigh, and they were sitting in her pretty boudoir of the Palazzo Frulini, where she dwelt.

XII.

"Why, she is my relative," he exclaimed, "through her husband of course."

Mrs. Clyde frowned. This was not what she desired. Aurelia d'Istria's husband's harsh relatives might be unfriendly.

Lionello saw the frown. Latins have a quick vision. "I assure you," he said with some warmth, "we are her friends. Andrea—my cousin, that is—is a bad fellow, a scamp do you say? We take her hand, we go to the ball—and you, do you go? But of course—a compatriot."

Mrs. Clyde flushed. "No," she said after a painful pause; "I do not go."

"Come, che, impossibile!" cried Lionello, crestfallen.

"You see," said Mrs. Clyde, "I am from Boston—Madame d'Istria is a New

Yorker; she doesn't know me; we haven't met."

"Boston! New York! Are they—enemies?" asked the Count, puzzled. "Is the war—then between Boston and New York?"

Then Mrs. Clyde explained, laughing, that there was no war, "unless, indeed, the Princess d'Istria wants one," she added, with a gleam at him, half merry, half defiant—"in which case——"

He groped for his hat and seized his

cane and gloves. "I go at once to see Aurelia. I make all well. To-night you have the card, *che non m'inganno*."

Mrs. Clyde nonchalantly bade him be seated. "Take a glass of wine first to fortify yourself," she said to him. "Perhaps Madame d'Istria will not be so easily persuaded to ask a woman she has never seen to her party." She would not appear eager though the heavens opened.

The Prince drank the wine. She lit a cigarette for him, blowing on it a little



Drawn by E. West Clinedinst.

"MR. CLYDE STILL STOOD IN THE COLD, DRIZZLING RAIN."

with her firm red lips. He seized it with avidity from her outstretched fingers and placed it between his own. But he did not touch her hand; he was too experienced.

"*Mio Lionello*," said Aurelia d'Istria, as she greeted him, "my lists are closed."

"*Sa, cara cugina*," he cried, bending before her, "you must then open them again."

He had forced his way in, waving aside the remonstrating majordomo, who insisted that the Principessa was not visible; he had penetrated the very precincts of the lady's dressing-room. As she knew her *peignoir* to be becoming and her hair magnificent, she smiled indulgently at her favorite Roman relative across the *coiffeur*, who was combing it, and her maid, who held the hot irons.

"And, then, I do not know your Mrs. Clyde."

"She is a most accomplished and distinguished American lady; she goes to the Legation."

"Nonsense! I know better. What does the Legation amount to? Some people do manage to pose themselves in spite of their Legation; they have to be clever, for it is generally a handicap. Mrs. Prentiss wrote me all about her; they would not receive her in Boston. She is a country girl who married an old man for his money, and she has got no position to boast of anywhere."

"The husband—is he very old?" asked Lionello, interested.

"Not old enough," said Madame d'Istria, smiling, "to have made her a widow, apparently; but I assure you she is nobody in particular."

"What I comprehend not," said Lionello, "is that in a great republic like yours, where rank and titles are not regarded—"

"Do say at once," cried Aurelia, with flashing eyes, "that we are all daughters of immigrants who worked their way across in the steerage and laid stones in the streets on their arrival. If this is what you mean, don't hesitate to say it out; I adore frankness, an unusual trait with you Italians."

"You jest, *ma cousine*," said Falconieri. "I have had the honor of meeting madame your mother." He laughed, displaying a row of regular white teeth under his short

dark mustache. "She was very splendid; she looked not like an immigrant such as you describe. You know there have been empresses who—emigrated."

Aurelia nodded at him mollified. "Very well said, *cugino mio*, but why do you want this person at my *soirée*? Are you making love to her?"

"As our trysts are attended with the young daughter, her nurse and a *valet de pied* every time, I think so far they are innocent, *cara cugina*."

"I must admit," said Madame d'Istria, "Mrs. Prentiss did not tell me that Mrs. Clyde was fast or improper."

"She is a dragon of virtue," said the Count, laughing, "at least so far as I am concerned, and I think the husband—while he is foolish to allow so handsome a lady to travel unattended—need have no cause for grave anxieties. Does he come soon to take her home, the *marito*, eh?"

"I really know nothing about them. I fancy her quite capable of transporting herself back unescorted from where she came."

"And the invitation—you will not do me this little favor?"

Now Madame d'Istria liked Lionello, probably for exactly the same reasons that many other women did, and she intended that he should take a prominent position at her party. She wished the Roman world to know that if her husband had forsaken her his family had not, and that she kept their support and their sympathy. She knew Lionello to be pampered, quick of temper, sometimes capricious as a woman, and she pictured him punishing her for her denial by a sudden departure for his fiefs near Fossombrone on the day of her fête to pass a lonely evening at his castle, sulking away his ill-humor among the silk factories and pretty maidens of Fanno. If he were spoiled, however, she was not ductile. She knew her worth and intended that others should, and she had no idea of throwing wide her exclusive portals to admit all the nomadic Americans who pour their yearly quota into winter cities.

"*Nous verrons*," she said, enigmatic. She made no promise.

"It will be all right," he replied to Mrs. Clyde's inquiry the next morning; "my cousin is to rearrange her lists." Then,

fearful of impending perplexities, he added: "It is hardly a ball; only a small affair after all." But Mrs. Clyde knew better.

She wrote to her husband an affectionate letter: "Count Falconieri is our almost daily visitor; he is devoted to Pauline. If she were a few years older I am sure she could be a countess. You are such a good Yankee, my dear, you would not care for that; you would prefer for her a good American business man. He has some money and large landed estates. I find these foreign gentlemen agreeable, they have such polished manners and are so amiable and amusing. They have more of that talk which is misnamed 'small' than our men—I have always thought myself it required a great deal of education and of talent. I won't describe Rome; you have been here; you don't care for a guide-book letter. It is very instructive for Pauline, and the climate is delicious. The Count reads the poets to me sometimes; it is good for my Italian. I never cared much to be read aloud to; it makes me fidgety. He is a cousin, by marriage, of Aurelia d'Istria, who has a great position here. She is just giving a ball; he says he will see that I am asked." She then wrote: "The Romans will, I hope, prove more hospitable than the Bostonians," but she erased the phrase. Her husband's delicacy had never permitted him a comment on her social fiasco at home—if indeed he felt it to be such. She did not know. If she had been a queen he could not have taken her success more for granted. She respected this attitude of his, and decided to avoid giving it umbrage. She liked that he should believe that she had arrived. The faith of others in our prowess is at once a defense and an incentive.

After repeated attacks, undertaken with the subtlety and suppleness of a fine tact, Falconieri wrung a tardy card from the Princess. If you don't wish to grant a beggar his alms don't receive him. The Princess had received Falconieri.

Mrs. Clyde had none of that superfluous pride which cripples endeavor and paralyzes attainment. She knew that a late invitation was preferable to none at all, having tested both cases. She also knew that an old maid who has refused a great many offers is still an old maid, and that

there are spiteful creatures who, when they don't meet you at a desirable feast, always infer you were not asked. Even an invitation framed and hung on a wall has something *louche* about it, and may have been borrowed, stolen or filched. It is better to be seen dancing at the palace. It may be possible that she felt the day was not far distant when she would be quits with those who had been cruel. When it did come it found her generous—or was it wise? There are slights it is best never to acknowledge even to ourselves; they should sink into the oblivion of mistakes.

Well—she got her card! From that night it was all made easy. Falconieri conducted her to supper. She chatted with marquises and dukes, chaffed distinguished prelates, waltzed with princes, was presented to the greatest lady in Rome, the Marchesa Valmontone, who treated her with condescending courtesy.

"How is it possible," she whispered to her companion, "that such an ugly woman, and with no appearance of youth, should be the belle of your society here? Why, in Boston she would be relegated to the dowagers' dais, and herself sat upon as an antiquity."

"When one sits upon such antiques," said the Count, "one should do so with reserve, lest they crumble under us and hurl us to the ground and hurt us more than we do them. I will present you to her, and then perhaps your astonishment will cease."

The Marchesa was a very tall, thin woman, with long, sallow cheeks, red hair, which fell over her deeply-set yellow eyes, a somewhat heavy nose and a mouth at once sensual and ruthless. She was admirably dressed in black velvet and diamonds. She was viewing the company through her jeweled lorgnette on the arm of the English Ambassador. Falconier stopped her.

When Gabriella had talked to Madame Valmontone for five minutes she felt as one mesmerized; a strange fluid seemed to emanate from the Marchesa's whole person, enveloping, enticing, dangerous. One felt drugged, helpless as in the presence of some influence impossible to understand, combat or escape. There was a perfume about her hair, her handkerchief, her garments, which was un-

known, peculiar, faint yet agitating. Her penetrating tones thrilled the heart; the touch of her hot, nervous hand as it detained you shook the senses; the deep glance of her curious eyes exerted a sorcery, which at the same moment repelled and fascinated.

"Take me away," sighed Gabriella to Lionello after a short conversation, during which, absorbed in Madame Valmontone's extraordinary personality, she had listened so entranced to the melody of her voice that she had not heard a word the lady had spoken. "Take me away or I shall faint; she stifles me, and I *adore* her." And although later she shook off somewhat the magnetic spell which this woman threw over her, she never could do so entirely.

Falconieri was laughing. "That woman," he said, "thin, yellow, ugly, as you say it, has awakened and still awakens—though as you see she is far from young—the wildest passions. Rome is full of the victims of her compelling charm. I do not know why or how I escaped. She treats me, and always has, as a boy. She did not deign to make me her lover, so I remain her friend. She is thoroughly unprincipled, yet not incapable of nobility—she is a *grande dame* to her finger nails."

"Tell me more about her. How is she noble?"

"Two years ago her husband was paralyzed. From that hour she has been absolutely devoted to him, nursing him with exemplary fidelity."

"Really faithful, really kind?"

"Yes, really. To her adorers she says, 'If I could have deceived a *jaloux* I cannot a *matheureux*. Voilà, my friends, you have my last word.'

"If she ever comes to New England she will be burned for a witch."

This amused Lionello immensely, and eventually it came to the ears of the Marchesa herself.

"*Che volete?*" she said one day to Mrs. Clyde; "they call me the vampire," with an odd archness; "they call me the vampire in Rome here, and I hear you say that in your country they would burn me up for a *sorcière*, eh?"

"Or you would burn us up," Mrs. Clyde had gayly answered. "Some one would surely have to die."

This rejoinder pleased the Marchesa's fancy, and she invited Mrs. Clyde to dinner. The banquet was a great one, made for the ambassadors and diplomatic corps.

Now, to-night, at Madame d'Istria's ball, she and her cavalier wandered through the great salons, and the Italian was very ardent.

"I would not give your little finger for all the yellow vampires who suck the blood of men. I admire a healthy, strong creature like you. It is like wine to be near you; it warms the soul."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gabriella. But she did not chide him much. It was not her way to rebuke sentimental avowals; she laughed at them or disarmed them with her comical and practical interpretations. "I should like to be dangerous, fascinating, like the Marchesa," she said. "But I could not undertake it; it would be quite thrown away on our fatigued business men and our college boys, which are all Boston produces. Besides which, with us, a married lady has no right to attract at all."

At the thought of Mr. Clyde and the Marchesa possibly meeting, Gabriella was so diverted that she laughed aloud.

"Ah! you laugh at everything," he said ruefully.

They stopped to speak to their hostess. Gabriella was struck with the contrast of her icy contact with the volcanic breath which enveloped Madame Valmontone; it was like stepping into the glacial clearness of an Autumn night after lingering in the hot nebulae of a Southern noon. The Marchesa seemed born for a ball-room—her fitting frame. In fact she fitted into a great variety of frames. She appeared created for the homage of men and the envy of women; for the intrigues, stratagems and awards of the world. Aurelia d'Istria, on the contrary, lacked this liquidity. She was scarcely at ease. Faultlessly dressed, there was some hardness of detail, which told of effort, whereas the folds of the Marchesa's velvet gown fell about her as if they had been the carved peplum of a statue. An effort also was perceptible in Madame d'Istria's welcome to her guests. She seemed to say, "It is as incredible to me you should wish to come to my ball as that I should desire to give it." She asked each and all questions, whose answer she did not



Drawn by B. West Clineinst.

"THEN SHE CREPT IN TO LOOK AT HER SLEEPING LORD."

wait for. Sometimes she spoke quite at random, leaving her guests a little dazed. She appeared like one who has assumed a rôle she finds it fatiguing to enact; this fatigue was apparent. Made for domestic joys and fireside affections, she walked alone through her vast drawing-rooms crowned with the d'Istria jewels, her thoughts far away and a profound ennui in her lovely eyes, so profound, indeed, that at times they filled with tears. She thought herself an excellent actress and imagined she concealed from others her indifference, but in this she was mistaken. It was betrayed upon her face and in her movements, and it chilled them. Nothing is further from true sympathy than its perfunctory expression. Madame d'Istria's suavely spoken words of welcome fell on the ears like a pelting of snowballs, as boreal and as meaningless. When the Marchesa addressed you, whether she cared for you or not, you believed that upon your answer hung her very existence. Your mind was riddled by her amber glance to yield up its secrets

without scruple. Thought sprang quickly into birth upon your lips.

When Lionello finally wrapped Gabriella in her mantle and begged to find her at home on the morrow, she felt it had been a good ball. She was learning the science of the world; it intoxicated her. She asked herself if any other prizes could be as desirable. She hummed to herself a waltz tune as her women unrobed her, and these commented on her cheerfulness.

At the same hour Aurelia d'Istria was kneeling at her prayers and the Marchesa Valmontone was pacing her room, wringing her hands, passing them through her hair, which she pulled this way and that, until she looked a sorceress indeed. She wept aloud, as she often did, although the source of her tears was unknown to her. She sighed great sighs that heaved her breast and left it arid and dry as did the tears the dark orbits of her eyes. Then she crept in to look at her sleeping lord, whose snores alone woke the stillness of the great palazzo, and to give his valet and nurse some directions for the night. Her

son, who was eighteen, occupied one of the palazzo's wings all to himself with his preceptor, the priest who was chaplain to the household.

Yes, Gabriella was learning the world. She thought it very good, so good that she forgot to go and kiss Pauline, and only looked over a letter from her husband she found upon her dressing-table. She would read it in the morning.

This letter had been written under conditions which Gabriella never guessed; if she had done so she would indeed have been amused. A Delilah had attempted in her absence to cut off the hair of her Samson, and it was in fleeing from her wiles that the forlorn Philetus had stopped at his club and sent a letter to his spouse in which lurked the contrition of a man who has been attacked and has not yielded.

One day a lady penetrated into Mr. Clyde's private office. How or why she came there, whence or wherefore, it would be hard to say. She announced herself as lately arrived from Chicago and in quest of three grand pianos for herself and her two lately married daughters. There was something unusual about her; even Mr. Clyde, who was not a close observer of female loveliness, saw this at once. It may have been her complexion; it may have been her hair; neither were ordinary. To a man whose sight is beginning to grow dim the aids of art— which fresh young beauties always decry so loudly, and even sometimes unjustly accuse their elders of practicing— may not be altogether displeasing. Mr. Clyde certainly thought the lady uncommonly good-looking. He bustled about and called his head clerk, and explained to her himself about the instruments and their varieties and prices. She told him she was a widow and musical; she also hinted that she was in affluent circumstances. She came three or four times and wrote him one or two notes. She finally asked him to call at her hotel— she wished to make a final decision about her pianos. There seemed about her a mixture of persistency and hesitancy. To this last summons he did not respond in person; he sent one of his young men. Then it was that the musical widow invaded the sanctities of the house in Beacon street. She managed to penetrate into Mr. Clyde's library, after making some

sort of a scene in the hall. Mr. Clyde could not imagine why she had come; he could only guess when she finally begged him to dine with her that night, and shed a tear over her isolation—and his—adding coolly, "Mrs. Clyde need never know, or I guess she would be jealous."

"Madam," said Mr. Clyde, sternly, "have you ever seen my wife?"

"Never," simpered the widow, and paid him some compliment, looking in the meanwhile about the premises as if she thought they would exactly suit her views.

"If you had seen Mrs. Clyde," said Pauline's loyal papa, "you would be quite certain that there was no woman living of whom she need be jealous. Good-day to you, madam," and he bowed her out, almost pushing her through the door.

He came back into his library somewhat excited, and feeling peculiarly lonely and unhappy. This was not all that he had expected of married life. He blamed himself for having been frivolous, the poor fellow! He must have been so or this shameless wanton would not have pursued him. His heart overflowed in affection toward his dear wife and beloved little girl. He would send for some of her family to keep him company and protect him, as it were, from such invasions. The woman's presence seemed to have vitiated the air of his home. He opened a window. It was raining. He put on his overcoat and went out to his club—a quiet affair where elderly gentlemen dined—and wrote two letters—one was to Ringletta Crane and her husband, asking them to visit him; the other one was to his wife. It was full of love and of tenderness. In the early Autumn, God willing, he would come over and see his dear ones, unless, indeed, they should come back to him. Then he wrote of the war, and mentioned that Walter Perry had distinguished himself on the field of battle; that he was in command of a colored regiment in a post of unusual danger, and had been brevetted colonel upon the field. "If I were young enough," he wrote, "I should shoulder a musket myself; but they don't want old fogies like me, I am too rheumatic. Your sister Ringletta's husband is to form a company; they will be mustered in in a few weeks. I have asked

them to visit me before he starts. Your father and mother are well; I saw them last week in Dunham. These are dark days for our poor country. But you read the journals, no doubt. Kiss my daughter; tell her to write to her papa; she has improved in her spelling. Your devoted husband, Philetus."

"The Jezebel!" he thought to himself later, when he sought his couch and said his prayers with peculiar fervency.

Gabriella never knew, for he would have died rather than tell her. He hoped she did not guess that such dreadful women existed; at any rate, she should never learn through her own husband. It was his business to shield her from all evil. In her present unprotected absence he saw no peril, so ample was his faith in her rectitude and her honor; if it was misplaced, the next chapter will unfold.

XIII.

The English habit of serving tea at five o'clock was unknown in those days to Americans, but practiced at the English Ambassador's, where Gabriella—after her appearance at Madame d'Istria's—became a welcome guest. She quickly adopted it. One of the evidences of Mrs. Clyde's social talent lay in her quick acceptance of innovation—she cultivated the receptive mood which marks progress.

The Count often lingered late at these symposiums of Roman idlers, for very soon Mrs. Clyde's drawing-rooms began to fill. Aurelia d'Istria herself could scarcely attract so many agreeable men and women as this unknown American from the borders of the Merrimac. She was equal to any emergency. None knew as well as she how to cajole the powerful, how to shake off the tiresome, how to bait the slippery eels of fashion and bend them to her purpose. The women had at first feared her beauty and been vexed at the size of her sapphires, but when they found she did not rob them of their husbands or their lovers, save in the surface commerce of society, which means so little, they found her salon useful as a neutral ground for their own intrigues. She was always good-natured, agreeable, breezy, winked at other people's misdemeanors and foibles, while herself irreproachable. She became extremely popular.

The Count, as I have said, sometimes lingered late and gave Mrs. Clyde a lesson in Italian. Like all the sons of Italy, he was dramatic, he was fond of declamation. This rather bored Gabriella, who preferred chit-chat. Her impatient Americanism rebelled at preparation—she didn't care to watch developments. The stolidity of Anglo-Saxon directness seemed to her more effective. Once, in fact, in the midst of a lyric outburst, she had interrupted Lionello to remind him that she was dining out. He had been offended, and had not appeared for five days. She had missed him; the Count desired to be so missed.

The season was drawing to its close. He had once said to a friend, "Oh, I so adore preliminaries!" when accused in a former love passage of remaining too long in the sighing stage. But of Mrs. Clyde he never spoke lightly. His vanity was in abeyance. He was seriously enamored and, more than this, seriously puzzled.

He was enamored of the beautiful color in her cheek when she walked with him swiftly through the streets or, at twilight, on the Campagna, while her carriage followed them; of the beat of her positive protestant foot at the altar steps of the Roman churches; of the imperious poise of her pretty head; of her healthy body and her intelligent mind. Her sound, good sense, her sanity, appealed to him as deliciously new and fresh. There was, however, something about her which puzzled him.

The Earl of Dearborn might have fancied Gabriella complaisant; Lionello made no such blunder. The Latin makes fewer such mistakes. He had several times intended to fall at her feet and declare himself, but somehow the right moment never arrived. He told himself that he feared her displeasure, and, manlike, he liked her the better for this. Not impulsive, but by nature reflective, he decided that this should be no vulgar *amour*; that this infatuation would require sacrifices. Well, why not? She seemed to him just then worth the highest. He was prudent enough, however, to hope that some of her fortune was settled upon herself, for his own means were somewhat crippled and he feared hardly adequate to supply the lavish luxuries to which the lady was

evidently accustomed. Notwithstanding his thrifty Roman eye, the pagan side in him was now uppermost. He would renounce his creed, his family, his titles, his fiefs—all. She could doubtless arrange—these things were quickly done in Protestant countries—to annul her ties to the old American husband—evidently entirely unappreciative and neglectful—and he would marry her! He would become a Lutheran, a Hottentot—anything she wished. He snapped his fingers, madly talked to himself as he smoked innumerable cigarettes in the naked apartment he called his *biblioteca*.

They would hide their loves at Fossombrone or, if this did not suit the lady of his worship, he would follow her to America, where he could give Italian lessons or tan buffalo skins for a living. His nose lengthened somewhat at the remembrance of Pauline, but she was, after all, an *angioletto*, the poor little one; and if the despicable old husband, evidently an unfit guide for childhood, should insist on having her, he would instantly adopt her and give a few more lessons and tan a few more buffaloes. He burned to immolate himself. Gabriella's vitality was infectious. She inspired him with undreamed of courage; he felt such an influence to be above all things beneficial and renovating—all of which shows that the master was, after all, far more ingenious than his pupil.

One afternoon, consumed by all these hopes and projects, he found Gabriella at last alone. After the usual reading from the poets, tea, which she drank, and wine, which he sipped, were brought in—he could not absorb tea even to please her—he came over and sat close to her feet on a little stool and looked up into her bright face with all the love and longing of his own. Mrs. Clyde seemed in an unusually soft mood—softness was not her salient trait. She had a slight headache, had denied herself to visitors and was lying back upon her cushions in a lace *robe de chambre* of graceful fashioning. She toyed with the rings upon her fingers. One tall lamp lit the drawing-room, silent, gloomy under the duskiness of its green tapestries. It cast curious lights and shadows on the frescoed ceiling, where one more divined than saw goddesses at play, chasing each other through

clouds of sunset tint. Outside the populace was hurrying homeward, fearful of the chill, which falls at evening over the Roman city, and the malarial vapors of the Tiber. The cries of the street venders were almost still, a tolling bell, the clatter of a monk's sandals, the last protest of the polenta seller, the wrangle of two beggars over a copper, alone woke the pervading silence. The corner where Gabriella sat was sweet with roses, which filled the apartment with fragrance. A slight languor, half drowsiness, half content, stole over Mrs. Clyde. She told herself that it would be pleasant to sit forever thus with this handsome man of the world at her feet. A sense of security, of satisfaction, and something warmer perhaps, more tangible, awoke within her. She looked down into his eyes and smiled, and then somehow she blushed, embarrassed in his presence for the first time, she knew not why. She began to thank him, almost effusively, for all he had done for her in Rome. He it was to whom she owed everything. Her Legation, bah! It had hurt more than helped her. The Minister was a weak, ineffectual creature, and his wife a dowdy. She would never have been asked to Madame d'Istria's but for him, and this had been the turning point of fortune.

This mood of gratitude seemed propitious. Lionello possessed himself of her right hand. It was warm and slightly moist. It fluttered and then lay passive for a moment in his own. Emboldened, he raised it to his lips.

"If it be true," he said huskily, "that I have done this small thing for you, even slaves have from their owners some reward of kindness. What will be mine?"

She had withdrawn her hand already. She was sitting up now very upright, with her light garments drawn around her like a panoply of conflict—conflict, in fact, seemed the unwritten canon of poor Mrs. Clyde's existence.

What did he expect of her? The demand was abrupt but pertinent. He left her in no doubt.

With his glowing face close to her own he poured forth all the fever of his loving in that persuasive tongue of the "*paese dove il si suona*." All the lost fervor of the Malatesta and the Falconieri seemed to find voice in the torrent of his words.

All that they held of special pleading and hot entreaties, veiled cries of tenderness, fiery protestations, blended in cadences of pathos, piercing as song of nightingale on summer nights. More and more as the man talked, swayed by the masterfulness of his sentiment, out of the confused past surged about and encompassed the woman a motley multitude. Stalwart figures, indistinct at first, but gaining force and power, in sombre shapes, surrounded her; her father and mother, her grandfather and grandmother and theirs, a goodly number of dames in cap and apron, with chaste demeanor and serious eyes; and men, robust and vigorous, hatchet in hand and wearing shovel hats, with severe lips—and gradually Gabriella Dunham Clyde grew colder and colder, more and more rigid. She looked at the young man with distended pupils and defiant arms crossed on her breast.

"How dare you!" she at last cried to him. "How dare you!" She felt no immediate fear of him as she had of Dearborn, and in fact she need not have done so. Falconieri was a gentleman.

When he got himself out and on the

sidewalk he was grateful for this himself, for his impulse had been to strike her—dead.

I am not sure if Falconieri had gone so far as to explain to Gabriella the fate which awaited her should she succumb to

his entreaties. I am not sure whether the Count, robbed of his titles and estates and teaching and tanning in some far Western territory, had appalled her. I am willing to believe that she was virtuous. At any

rate, her ancestry had conquered his. Yet her exclamation, "What an ass the man must be!" when he had left her, seems to indicate that no measure of his folly had been concealed from her.

If Mr. Clyde felt absolute faith in his wife's safety, her father was less at rest. He looked with some disfavor upon his daughter's expatriation. He wrote to her a few days later: "Your mother and I do not find Philetus looking well. Whatever advantages may accrue to your daughter from European tutelage, we think your first duty, my dear child, is to your good husband. I trust he will join you in the summer and that your absence will not be

prolonged." Nevertheless Mrs. Clyde resided four years in Europe. When she returned the war was over, Pauline was twelve years old. She had crossed the ocean twice, however, to see her husband, leaving the child in a convent in



Drawn by
B. West Clydest.

"WHEN HE GOT HIMSELF OUT AND ON THE SIDE-
WALK HE WAS GRATEFUL."

Paris, and Mr. Clyde had spent some months abroad.

"I am coming home," she wrote to her old friend, Mr. Remington. "I have done Europe pretty thoroughly. I have been a success nearly everywhere; have met lots of delightful people, and now am ready to settle down. Boston could not hold me any more; I shall try New York."

XIV.

When Pauline was sixteen years old, Mrs. Clyde thought that it was time that she should learn the arts of the salon. There being no *Ninon de l'Enclos* in New York—the women in Paris, the great ladies, used to take their daughters to *Ninon* to form their manners—she decided to be herself her daughter's guide. After dinner parties, therefore, Pauline was allowed to come down and sit apart from the company with her embroidery, under a lamp, and listen to, while not joining in, the general conversation. People dined earlier then than now, and from nine until ten o'clock the girl made these brief apparitions in her mother's drawing-room when the latter dined at home informally. The rest of Miss Clyde's day was largely devoted to mental development and bodily exercise. She was an excellent horsewoman, a capital whip, danced admirably, spoke half a dozen foreign tongues with ease, and painted the portraits of such of her friends as would sit to her. She was also musical—she could sing a ballad with taste, accompany herself with correctness, if not with dash. She was too timid to do herself justice before strangers. Added to all these gifts and graces Pauline was deeply religious. As she sat with her hated embroidery in her hands, one or two of the more intimate frequenters of her mamma's house—among them Mr. Remington, who now passed two months of every winter in New York—would detach themselves from the group about the fireplace, and seeking out the girl, would try to draw her into conversation. She rewarded them with that rare smile which illumined her thoughtful face like the first flush of dawn; but her talk remained monosyllabic. These wandering gentlemen were more warmly welcomed

by a young girl who sometimes sat beside her. This was none other than the daughter of Gabriella's old friend, Mrs. Devereux. Clara, Junior, or little Coy, as she was called, looked to these visits in New York as to a paradise of rapture. When she was there the childish heads were bent together, and the prattle of the maidens was interluded by smothered titters such as spring lightly from maiden lips. But whereas Pauline was always quick to escape and pleased when ten o'clock struck the moment of release, Coy lingered with laggard step, looking back at the fine company in all its bravery of broadcloth and satin. She was more sympathetic to Mrs. Clyde than her own daughter, and often begged to be allowed to hold the hairpins while the maid dressed her hostess' hair, glad of an excuse to remain within the orbit of festive preparation. This young visitor wore Mrs. Clyde's and Pauline's cast-off dresses, hats and gloves, took drawing lessons with Miss Clyde, while she remained with her, as well as French with the Gallic professor. She hearkened with avidity to Mrs. Clyde's wise counsel as to the opportunities of dowerless girls and the needfulness of energy to bend chance to their purpose. Miss Devereux was not well off. Her father's death had left the family fortunes crippled.

Mrs. Clyde did not encourage the excursions of her guests towards the young friends. "Leave the little girls alone," she would cry after the deserters; "come back and entertain us grown-up people; we are dull enough, God knows."

Pauline, however, if she did not mingle much in the general persiflage, listened; she listened and she "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested." She thought about it all afterwards, too, for she was eminently reflective. She judged the people who came and went with that astuteness with which inexperienced youth sometimes surprises us. Her judgments were severe—a severity which after years robbed of its implacability. Pauline was not indulgent. It is to be supposed that this part of her education was salutary. Talent, the great German poet tells us, requires for its florescence repose and silence, but character can alone be fructified through human contact.

(To be continued.)



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF OUR LATE WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY *—*—*—*

UNDOUBTEDLY the demands made by our Minister, General Woodford, had created a deep feeling of hostility throughout Spain. The new Spanish Cabinet which had come into power at the beginning of October had, however, no idea of using the occasion to bring about a difficulty. On the contrary, their policy was distinctly in the direction of peace.

Early in September two young Americans had disappeared from Havana. Nothing had been learned of their fate until late in November, when proof came that they had been taken to one of the outlying Spanish forts, hastily tried on a supposedly trumped-up charge and shot. On December 8th a somewhat peremptory note to the Madrid Government was addressed by the American Minister, the text of which had in some way been obtained and published by the Spanish press.

On the night of December 10th a mob suddenly appeared before the hotel of Minister Woodford. Before the guardia civile could arrive, the doors had been broken in, the Minister dragged into the streets, hanged to a near-by balcony and his body perforated with bullets. Bells were rung, cannon fired, bonfires blazed, and in a moment the streets of Madrid were swarming with thousands of excited men and women demanding a declaration of war against the United States and threatening the Ministry.

The military when called out broke ranks and joined the mob. The Presidencia was besieged, and before morning the Ministry had been forced to frame a note which, while regretting the death of the United States Minister, was yet of so sinister a character as to leave no escape from conflict between the two nations.

This act was forced upon the Ministry by the excited condition of the populace. Possibly, even to the wisest, the Cuban problem appeared such a hopeless tangle that they welcomed a solution which seemed to be an act of fate and not of their own designing.

With early dawn, the situation was per-

fectly clear. Everyone on both Continents knew that war was inevitable. By seven o'clock every Spanish navy-yard had become a scene of intense activity.

Full dispatches had reached Washington before midnight. Shortly after two in the morning the President and his Cabinet were in session at the White House. By three o'clock messenger boys were arousing Navy and War Department officials and extra telegraph operators, and by four, telegrams were flying to the navy-yards and to the Governors of States. Extra editions of the morning papers contained the call of the President for an extra session of Congress, to assemble at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 12th. The intense excitement which took possession of all classes of people when they read the startling headlines of the morning papers is still fresh in the minds of my readers.

A special train was meanwhile carrying across Spain four special envoys who were presently to separate—one to go to Paris, one to Berlin, one to St. Petersburg; but the chief of these had his credentials to the house of the Rothschilds in London and, incidentally, to the Court of St. James.

Morning, noon and night of the 11th were consumed in sending dispatches to the Governors of the States and to the leading men of the nation. By 9 A. M. of the 11th every regiment of the National Guard was in its armory. Each man had been requested to go out quietly and find one or two who would volunteer, say good-bye to friends and family and be back at the armory by 8 P. M.—ready to start for the front. At nine o'clock dispatches came from Washington to have the National Guard in readiness to take the midnight train, and a few hours later locomotives and cars were in readiness, and men and munitions were being embarked at a thousand railway stations.

At the regular army posts similar work had been in progress. Officers and privates had been dispatched throughout the cities to find recruits. Every company had

at once been raised to a complement of two hundred men, divided into three battalions each larger than the full company in time of peace.

Enrollment in the regular army was not so popular as in the National Guard. The process was slower, for the reason that the personal acquaintance of the privates in the regular companies was more restricted; so that it was late on the evening of the 12th before men could be obtained.

Up to this time there had been no call by the President for volunteers. The instructions sent out from the headquarters of the army at Washington had been secret. The exigency was so important that President McKinley had felt warranted in taking the preliminary steps without authority of Congress.

When, then, at 10 P. M. on the 12th, the Senate and House of Representatives were called to order, there were already more than one hundred thousand troops on board the cars, moving rapidly toward Tampa.

The leaders of Congress had been in Washington since early morning of the 12th in consultation with the members of the Cabinet. Mr. William J. Bryan, who happened to be in Washington, was sent for by the President and asked to take part in the council. In the presence of so grave a danger to the Republic, party animosities were laid aside. There was but one opinion held. If there must be war it should be conducted with the utmost vigor. The energy of the whole American people must be put behind it.

The scene when the House of Representatives assembled was a solemn one. Members just arriving, with the dust of travel still on their clothes, shook hands with friends in a quiet and subdued way. The rapid movement and whispered exchanges alone gave indication that the occasion was for business and not a funeral one.

All night long, resolutions were presented, discussed and passed unanimously; and at noon of the following day both House and Senate were still in earnest conference. Everyone seemed to recognize that the concentrated effort of an entire session must now be put into a few hours.

The morning papers were issued in

rapid editions, beginning at 3 A. M., to the thousands who all night long had thronged the streets of the cities.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 13th came an "extra" containing the President's proclamation calling for two million volunteers for two years' service, unless sooner discharged—one-half for immediate service, the other to be organized as home guards. The news from England at the moment the proclamation was issued was calculated to alarm, and the determined position taken by the President secured national approval.

Everyone recognized that a modern war must be a serious affair. Spain itself was a fairly formidable opponent, but who was wise enough to foresee into what complications we might be drawn with other powers, before peace should come again?

It was not possible, therefore, to gauge how long the war might last or how severe it might prove. There must then be no foolishness such as characterized the Administration at the outbreak of our civil conflict. The war with Spain might be over in thirty days and not require a hundred thousand men; but preparations must be made upon the principle that it would last for years, require millions of men and billions of treasure.

Washington became in a day a scene of military preparation such as reminded old soldiers of the busiest days of '64. General Alger was appointed Major-General and given the task of organizing an army in the West. Senator Hanna was called to the Secretaryship of War. At the personal solicitation of the President, John Wanamaker came to Washington to occupy an office newly created: "Assistant to the Commander-in-Chief."

He was assigned to the duty of arming and equipping the armies of the United States. Never in the history of warfare had a task of such size been set before one man. In olden times material was accumulated for months and even years, before war opened. Even in our Civil War, long months were required for filling the simplest orders. But the new order of things was to be different; and a master mind was required. The expenditures might exceed a hundred millions a month and the disbursement of such a sum, honorably and

with a view to the highest economy, required unusual experience and ability. The new official was permitted to select half a dozen Chiefs of Bureaus, among whom he divided the work of preparation. These were largely men picked from among the executives with whom his long experience at one time or another had brought him into contact. The different classes of material were apportioned among these bureaus, and the order went out that money was not to be spared: night and day work was to go on along the entire line.

The President's call was for one million of men for immediate service—the second million as a reserve corps. General Wanamaker was confronted with the necessity of arming and equipping in the minimum of time a force greater than any ever called into existence in so brief a period. To meet the new conditions new methods must be invented. He rose to the occasion.

The experiences of the last war were utilized. When the President had telegraphed Mr. Wanamaker asking him as a favor to his country to take in hand this new department, Mr. Wanamaker had consented upon the condition that he should be permitted to do away with the old contract system and introduce new regulations of his own. He recognized that he was not dependent upon the class of harpies who were the contractors in our Civil War, and that he might well commit the necessities of the Government to the many large-minded business men who would take the Government's needs in hand. All "emergency" contracts, as they came to be known, were awarded upon a basis of twenty per cent. profit to the manufacturer above the actual expenditures for the material and labor.

The contractor in assuming the obligation made an oath of fealty to the Republic, in which he declared that he would carefully and conscientiously manage the business in behalf of the Government with the utmost economy; that he would cause to be kept accounts of all expenditure, rendering the same, in detail and truly, to the supervising officer; that he would give his best personal services, and accept from the Government no more than the profit of twenty per cent. agreed upon.

The result was marvelous. At a time when every hour was precious, this system enabled the Government practically to take possession of all available manufacturing plants and at the same time obtain the earnest and enthusiastic best services of those familiar with handling the plants. Three shifts of men were on duty, eight hours each, during the twenty-four. As a result there was no slighting of work, the materials were of the best and the output was the utmost product.

The importance of the occasion seemed to nerve all classes of men to great efforts. Manufacturers took a pride in accepting responsibilities upon ridiculously insufficient time, and the most extraordinary expedients were resorted to in order to comply with the terms.

The fact was that the American people recognized that the war begun with Spain might ere long involve them with other and more formidable powers. They were resolved to let it be understood of what mettle they were and give the world a comprehension of the enormous possibilities of their Republic.

So rapid were the movements of General Miles, to whom the President had assigned the command of the Army of Cuba, that by the evening of the 13th many transport steamships had arrived at Tampa, and the weather being calm, the first regiments were actually embarking. By the night of the 14th, one hundred and forty-seven thousand men, made up of National Guardsmen, with more than doubled ranks, and regulars whose companies had been multiplied by three, as has before been mentioned, had departed.

The command of the fleet had been given to Admiral Bunce, who at once joined the squadron already off Tampa Bay.

All night long, on the 13th, boats were busy carrying troops and munitions to the ships. On the 14th the arriving regiments were hurried from the cars directly to the decks of the vessels. The "St. Louis," of the American Line, had arrived in port, and was being fitted with three hundred rapid-fire guns which had come by rail for that purpose. Ten steamers containing the National Guard of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and the States of the cotton belt, had sailed from Mobile and were sighted at sundown of the 14th.

At 2 A. M. on the morning of the 15th, the "St. Louis" hoisted anchor and steamed slowly down the bay toward the lights of the battle-ships. She was followed by those transports having the highest speed, the intention being to keep the fastest vessels in the advance.

The fleet which Admiral Bunce had collected for the protection of the transports, and probably for the greatest naval battle of the world, was more than equal to that of the enemy, supposed to be somewhere off Havana.

Should the United States forces be delayed and the Spanish Government have sent their Mediterranean vessels directly to Cuba instead of attempting to harass New York and Boston, the preponderance would be in favor of the Latins. Time, however, was of such consequence that the President, under the advice of Generals Miles and Merritt, Admirals Bunce and Walker, Captain Mahan and others who had been called into council, determined to lose not a moment's time in entrenching on the soil of Cuba such a force as would at once discourage any attempt at reoccupation.

While the English papers were commenting on the probability of the Americans being able to get together one hundred thousand men before the end of November, one hundred and forty-seven thousand were already embarked for Cuba. The rapid concentration of so large a force would doubtless disconcert all Spanish plans, and before Spain could move, the island would be in our possession, leaving the navy free to protect our ports or harass those of the enemy.

Simple as a conflict with Spain alone would doubtless be, the matter would assume quite a different appearance if Spain could draw to her assistance another European power. As has been already said, the news which came from Paris was disquieting to the most thoughtful minds. Minister Porter, through accidental sources, learned that the special envoy of Spain had made an offer to the English house of Rothschilds of certain mining and railway concessions, amounting in the aggregate to so large a sum as to tempt that great financial power to put forth its utmost exertions.

The early expressions of kindness and good will toward the United States which had followed the terrible death of our

Minister in Madrid, were suddenly changed to a tone of bitter criticism. Both in England and on the Continent the change was sudden and extraordinary. A comparison of editorials published in many of the leading papers on the 13th with those appearing on the 14th showed that some extraordinary and powerful influence had been at work. Not only in London, but in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and St. Petersburg, many leading journals suddenly and mysteriously changed front and began an onslaught on the policy of the United States. The motif seemed to originate from a single mind. Under different terms the substance was always the same. "The United States should be taught a lesson." "This was the time to curb the growing arrogance of Uncle Sam." "The absurd Monroe doctrine should be set aside forever." These were the themes which these journals took up on the 14th and pursued almost with fury for many succeeding days.

Oddly enough, about the same time a change came over many newspapers in the United States. They did not openly condemn the war, but they attacked the officers in charge, criticised every movement made, assigned ignoble motives to every patriot and discouraged everything likely to be of service to the country. At the same time there were not wanting orators, both in and out of Congress, who seemed suddenly to have conceived the same view of the situation.

The change of tone in the European press was like change of flank upon the part of a well-drilled army at the command of a general-in-chief—sudden, uniform in direction of movement, and seemingly irresistible. A thousand arguments were conceived by cunningly trained minds—all inimical to the United States—every possible argument for Spanish control in the West Indies and friendly to a united Europe, as against the claims of this American Republic.

These were repeated by dispatches to this side, and spread over the country, causing distressing forebodings, which were not in any measure allayed by the news that on the 14th a large English fleet had sailed from Portsmouth—destination unknown.

Immediately upon the President's call

for troops, enrollment began. Within forty-eight hours, seven hundred and eighty thousand men had come forward as volunteers. Kansas stood first in proportion to its population, Illinois second, Virginia third, Massachusetts fourth.

The Government had exhausted its supplies of modern arms in equipping the Army of Invasion. It was necessary, therefore, to ransack storehouses for the Springfield rifles which had been used during the Civil War.

Within twelve hours after the declaration of hostilities, gun factories were running night and day, with three shifts of men, and working up to their fullest capacity. The main difficulty was in the direction of artillery. Machine shops, where guns had never been made, were converted at once to new purposes, and experts from gun factories placed in charge. A surprising fertility of resource was exhibited in adapting machines to the required uses.

A contract was awarded for one thousand four- and six-inch dynamite guns—the contractor promising to have the first installment of forty ready within ten days.

Accustomed to search for able lieutenants, and familiar with people in many different lines, General Wanamaker's work was marked by a surprising celerity. After a single night's thought he had selected a hundred men of capacity, drawn from a hundred different establishments, each capable of carrying on with judgment and honesty that portion of the organization confided to him.

The headquarters of the Army of the Hudson was established, with General Merritt in command, at Morristown, New Jersey. The first to report at the new camp was Major-General Francis Vinton Green, a West Pointer, who, while engaged in an extensive private business, had kept in touch with military affairs through his connection with the Seventy-first New York as colonel. On the 14th he reported at Camp Washington with thirty-five thousand New York troops. At Morristown General Merritt occupied the headquarters used by General Washington in the Revolutionary War.

Nothing that could be done to put men under drill and equip them in the shortest possible time was neglected. Not a

powder factory that was available but was put under requisition—not a workshop left idle that could turn out any kind of war material.

At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, there were comparatively few persons who were experienced in the management of extensive enterprises or who understood organization on a broad scale; but in 1897 there were thousands of men who were skilled in this work. The Secretary of War understood the advantage of placing operations in the hands of men who had been accustomed to activities calling for complete and competent organization. From every State he had brought executive force to his assistance.

One thing specially noted at the breaking out of hostilities was that much had already been done in aid of the authorities. For instance, in January, 1897, General Miles, thinking it probable that before the Cuban question could be settled we might be embroiled in war with Spain, prepared and sent out to the manufacturers of the United States the following list of questions:

Have you in your employ any men especially fitted for military command? If so, be kind enough to fill in and forward the following blank:

Name.....Address.....Age.....
Physical condition is.....
Has been commonly in charge of.....men
Determination is.....
Judgment is.....
Reliability is.....
Sympathetic with those under his charge.....
His obedience in carrying out orders is.....
His courage is.....
His ability to plan is.....
His ability to manage is.....
His general character is.....
He could probably command.....men with.....class
ability.

Subsequently the War Department sent out a number of capable officials who quietly visited the establishments from which reports had been received, interviewed the men concerning whom recommendations had been made, obtained opinions of fellow workmen, and, finally, noted the character of the manufactory, its machinery and possibilities of conversion to manufacture of arms or material for war.

On the morning following the assassination of Woodford, a considerable force was put at work on these reports with a view to their use in officering the volunteers. The aid thus obtained proved of

the greatest value to the Administration. The Secretary of War subsequently organized an important bureau for regulating the selection and appointment of officers of volunteer regiments.

In the War of the Rebellion companies had selected their officers, instigated by the personal popularity of the candidate chosen, oftentimes in the face of absolute unfitness, while the field officers received their shoulder straps in but too many cases because of political "pull." But an act of Congress regulated appointments upon new lines, and the use of General Miles' reports placed at once within the reach of the Government accurate data regarding the men most fit to command companies and regiments.

The results were surprising. Within a few days the good judgment and common sense of these men—accustomed to manage, to reason about conditions, to assume responsibilities and to be obeyed—gave to the newly enlisted regiments the appearance of National Guardsmen.

There was no time spent, as in the days of '61, in teaching privates through long hours of practice to bring rifles to "right shoulder shift" or "port arms;" but, on the contrary, each recruit was carefully instructed in taking his rifle to pieces and putting it together again, so that he might understand the mechanism. He was trained in bicycle-riding, the bicycle enabling army corps to be moved with wonderful celerity over good roads and serving as a carrier for arms and knapsack when moving on foot over a rough country. Only the simplest drill maneuvers were indulged in, while, on the contrary, the personal intelligence of the recruit was trained to the utmost. His feet, it was explained to him, were precious things. Upon them the fate of a great battle might depend. No expense was spared to provide him with two pair of shoes of perfect fit and first-class make. Surgeons and field officers delivered carefully prepared lectures upon the care of the feet, and there were inspections at which the soldiers submitted their feet for examination and careful medical treatment when it seemed necessary.

The health of the men was looked after at every moment, and was a constant object of solicitude to their commanding officers. They were given plenty of ex-

ercise, but never to exhaustion. In other words, the mummeries and fiddle-faddling of the old military days, much of which had come in under Frederick the Marinet, gave place to a modern system of common sense and attention to the actual problems of fighting a campaign.

Commonly enough before the breaking out of hostilities everyone had considered a repeating rifle and a pair of shoes good enough equipment for a soldier. The suggestion of bicycles was considered radical. But with the first call to arms some began to ask: "Why not give each man a light Gatling gun and a motor cycle?" thus increasing his efficiency many times. A model of such a gun, mounted on a light frame, the wheels driven by a gasoline motor, was propelled at the rate of eighteen miles an hour over a macadamized road, carrying not only the gun but the gunner as well.

A contract for ten thousand of these was awarded—the carriages to a great bicycle factory and the guns to a private arms manufactory. The makers did not hesitate to agree to begin delivery within fifteen days, and guaranteed to have the entire contract filled within ninety days.

A proposed system of fast torpedo boats had been at once established well outside the principal harbors, inside of these again a line of fast cruisers, while the monitors had taken up their positions at such points in the harbor as must best enable them to command the channel. On the morning of the 14th, torpedo boat No. 9 ran in, to the cruiser "Brooklyn," stationed off the eastern coast of Long Island, to report that a fleet of nine Spanish vessels had passed south in the early morning, at a distance of about a hundred miles east of Gardiner's Island. The news was immediately signaled to Montauk Point and telegraphed from there to the fleet in New York harbor. It created great excitement, and both forts and battle-ships were at once got ready for attack. Torpedoes were hastily planted in those parts of the channel not already protected, and work was pushed on a fleet of small boats—one thousand in number—launches, sloops, cat-boats and tugs, assigned to carry dynamite and torpedoes—in a final attack, should heroic measures be necessary to protect the city. But the hours passed and no further news was received.

The Navy Department dispatched a fast boat from Tampa after General Miles' expedition, expressing the belief that nearly the entire Spanish navy was then either in the vicinity of Cuba or on its way thither, and repeating the cautions as to the extraordinary dangers which would surround the attempt to transport to Cuba and land so large an army of men. Undoubtedly the Spaniards, if superior in number of ships, would attempt to flank the battle-ships of the United States, enter the line of transports and deal out such havoc as only the modern man-of-war would be capable of amidst unarmed steamships.

It had been considered the highest strategy to concentrate, thus suddenly, a great army and dispatch it to Cuba within a space of time unheard of and even undreamed of, either in ancient or in modern warfare. But it began to look as if, either through accident or far-sighted generalship, the Spaniards were fully equal to the emergency. In an engagement, between forces so large, it would be almost impossible to prevent one or more Spanish vessels from passing the line and reaching the transports.

Lights were out and every means of concealment employed, as the fleet moved down the Florida coast from Tampa. But the volume of smoke from such a number of engines so blackened the sky that any Spanish vessel in the vicinity would not be long in discovering what was going on.

The risk taken in such an undertaking was a novel one. General Miles was aware that if he failed he would have no military precedents to fall back upon. Napoleon, to be sure, contemplated such a movement from Boulogne—or pretended to contemplate it—but the final attempt was never made. Things were different, however, in those days. Now a single battle-ship could move with entire safety against five hundred transports and destroy them all unless intercepted by armored battle-ships.

If all should go well with General Miles, Havana would be under the guns of his battle-ships by to-morrow at noon. A landing might be made further up the coast, and the city flanked; but the probabilities were all in favor of surrender without contest, should the squadron not encounter the Spanish fleet.

A line of fast picket-boats had been thrown out in advance of the fleet. This was led by the "Elide," the first American-built boat to make a speed of thirty-seven miles per hour. These boats were moving in a line just close enough for easy signaling and stretching out more than fifty miles in length. The protection thus afforded seemed to give safety to the line of transports following in the rear of the battle-ships. The signal that the enemy was present in force could be instantly thrown back over the entire line and the transports be in full retreat hours before the first guns of the conflict should open.

They were exposed but to two real dangers. One of these would, of course, be the complete defeat of the American squadron; the other will be explained later.

The weather was clear and bracing on the morning of the 14th. Thousands of small boats dotted the waters of Tampa Bay. Sailors pulled with swift, steady stroke; landmen rowed with unpracticed but vigorous oars. Night came and the work went on under the stars and the electric lights of the ships.

General Miles in a swift launch made a personal inspection during the afternoon, going rapidly from vessel to vessel, and seeing that men and impedimenta were being safely stored. At half-past six he was carried to the cruiser "New York," which had just arrived in the bay with Admiral Bunce, to whom the President had committed the command of the naval operations. The squadron itself was some thirty miles down the bay with pickets well thrown out to the south and west.

The conference ended in the resolve to begin movement of the transports at the earliest hour. They were to take their positions in four lines, preceded by the fleet of battle-ships at a distance of twenty miles, and flanked by half a dozen of the strongest cruisers. By midnight the anchors of those who were to take first places were being raised and propellers began to revolve. As the sun rose, the last steamer was taking its place in the largest fleet ever put to sea.

In perfect order and quiet, this great squadron moved over the smooth sea, its trail marked by a wide blanket of smoke.

The day was without incident. Signals came back along the chain of fast torpedo boats that no enemy was in sight, and as the news was read the younger officers and men began to talk of the probability of possessing Cuba without a fight.

The course taken by the fleet was direct for Havana. General Miles and Admiral Bunce had come to the conclusion that the few guns by which the harbor was defended could be quickly silenced, and that safety of the harbor in case of storm, as well as the facilities for landing and encampment, would more than compensate for the remote danger of any serious defense.

In the afternoon the sky became overcast and rain threatened. The wind changed and the smoke from the many funnels which had hitherto blown off to the west, was now blown back in a pall through which the strongest searchlight penetrated but obscurely.

The cruiser "Columbia" brought up the rear. Eight bells was being struck when the "Columbia's" searchlight, sweeping the horizon, disclosed three steamers. They were very indistinct and not much attention was paid to them for a few moments, as the officer of the watch took it for granted that some additional transports had been dispatched. When about one and a half miles distant, the officer in command of the ship was awakened. He immediately signaled the approaching vessels. No reply being made, the searchlight of the cruiser was again brought to bear, and then the discovery was made that three of the largest and fastest armored cruisers of the Spanish navy were coming down abreast with columns of smoke pouring from the funnels, all lights extinguished, and the men standing at quarters ready for action. By this time the boats were scarcely more than a mile distant.

In order to hold the transports in the positions assigned, Admiral Bunce had been obliged to keep the speed of the squadron within a limit of less than eight knots an hour. The Spaniards were coming on at more than double that rate, and in a very few minutes would be in the midst of the fleet.

The long rays of the searchlight had scarcely touched the muzzles of the Spanish guns before the call to quarters rang

out on the night air. The bugle blast itself was never finished. There was a burst of light from the three Spanish ships and simultaneously a hail of iron dismounted the "Columbia's" guns, swept down her men and masts, and scattered death as if a volcano had suddenly burst forth in the interior of the cruiser. A six-inch shell exploded directly over the boiler-room, and the noise of escaping steam gave its aid in producing instantaneous pandemonium. Many poor fellows never left their hammocks, but awoke to a reveille in another world. Those who struggled on deck were able only to grasp life-preservers and sink with their ship into the ocean.

Not a gun on board the United States cruiser was fired. On all three of the Spanish cruisers they had been carefully getting the range of their enemy. Shells from no fewer than sixteen guns of six inches and over, and forty guns of three-inch caliber, had been fired, after careful sighting, at this unsuspecting object. In the briefest possible space they had reloaded and a second discharge, first from the rapid-fire guns, then from the large pieces, threw a rain of bursting metal such as it is impossible to describe.

Three miles further on, the "Yorktown" and the "Raleigh" were steaming along the left flank of the fleet of transports. Off the right flank were the "Montgomery" and "Newark" and the gunboat "Helena."

The courses of all five boats had been altered with the first discharge. On board men were running, bare-footed and half dressed, to the guns. In exactly one minute and thirty-nine seconds after the terrible discharge from the Spanish guns, the first gun from the "Newark" sent an eight-inch shell flying through the air. Two minutes later the three ships had their big guns fairly in action, but the range had been hastily secured and the damage was not yet great.

After the second discharge, the Spaniards, seeing that their immediate foe was no longer worthy of attention, directed their heavy guns, not toward the armed vessels, but in the direction of the large transports, which were steaming only a mile in advance of the line of cruisers.

The distance, though more than two miles, was but little protection. Swarm-

ing as the ships were with troops, with arms of no value against long-range guns, they were an easy target. Shell after shell pierced the hulls only to explode amidst a mass of humanity and hurl heads, limbs and bodies in sickening confusion.

Before the fire of the Spanish ships began to slacken, five transports were in a sinking condition, and on the decks of a dozen others were blood and death.

Much had been written prior to the breaking out of the war upon the accuracy and death-dealing qualities of modern arms; but the wildest imagination had fallen far short of the reality. Meantime the United States gunners were getting their sleepy eyes open; engines had been rung up to full speed, and the cruisers of the two nations were coming toward each other at a rate that would require but a few brief moments to bring them in collision.

Just what happened after this is the subject of many conflicting stories. The time was so short and the incidents compressed into the ten minutes of conflict followed one another in such rapid and exciting succession that probably no one participant has to-day a clear idea of what occurred. There was a hail of metal, while the ear was deafened with what seemed one prolonged discharge. A second American cruiser was sunk, and then a Spanish cruiser went under. When the lull came, two perforated Spanish hulks were floating idly on the water, with scarcely a sign of life on board. The remaining United States cruisers were in a but little better plight. More than two-thirds of their crews were either dead or badly wounded. Scarcely a man was without some mark of the terrific forces which modern science lets loose through the medium of expanding gases.

Meantime, along the line of transports signals had been passing and cruisers and battle-ships had been hastening to the scene of action. Long before they arrived the last gun had sounded. But they were able to pick up many sailors and marines—both United States and Spanish—nearly all of them wounded.

Nearly an hour had elapsed after the last gun of the fight, before the vessels, upon which were Miles and Bunce, could reach the scene. It was, for a time, diffi-

cult, in the darkness and confusion, to separate the many conflicting rumors and determine just what had taken place. Three-quarters of an hour was consumed in examining officers who had taken a part in the engagement, and making the facts clear. A conference was held in which the leading officers of both land and naval forces, took part, with the result that no change was made in the original plans. If no further delay should occur, the battle-ships would be under the guns of Havana the following day, and before night, in all possibility, the work of disembarkation begun. Reports signaled from the front picket line ahead, nearing Havana, gave no indication of the presence of any Spanish fleet.

No fewer than eighteen fast yachts had been dispatched to southern waters by leading American newspapers, at the first indication of war.

The race from the scene of action to the telegraph office at Key West, was a noted event of the war. It was observed that one of the two yachts of the New York Herald, instead of making for Key West, ran straight for the Florida coast. The Herald's accounts were much fuller than those of its contemporaries, and it was subsequently learned that, anticipating the crowding of the cable from Key West, it had unrolled fifty miles of rubber-covered wire through the swamps of southern Florida and had private communication with unlimited capacity.

More than three thousand lives were said to have been lost, chiefly by the destruction caused by the Spanish shells on board the crowded transports. The news proved a great shock to the country, and as the names of the dead and wounded were recorded, the people for the first time began to realize that war is a thing of horrors. "What is war?" some one asked General Sherman after the conclusion of the great Civil conflict. "War is hell," he replied.

Upon the heels of the news of the great loss came a cablegram from Paris that the Emperor William of Germany had moved two hundred thousand troops to Bremen and was embarking them. The cablegram was believed to be a canard, but coming at the same moment with that of our loss it caused gloomy forebodings.

(Concluded in next issue.)

HUSBAND NUMBER SEVEN.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

McDOWELL, though poor, was a young fellow of vast self-confidence; he had theories to account for everything, from a woman's caprices down to the vagaries of a steam radiator. He took whatever came calmly, and rather prided himself on his lack of curiosity.

"What's the use of wanting to know things?" he would say; "if they're good you'll know them soon enough, if they're bad you don't want to know them at all."

No doubt it is easy to pick flaws in such reasoning, but that was generally true of McDowell's theories, for he had an amazing power of drawing wrong conclusions from the simplest premises, and there was no skein of facts so straight but he could reason it into a tangle.

The opening of this story finds McDowell in Paris just after his meeting with Partridge, who was a man of means, but a pale and gaunt dyspeptic with only the memories of pleasure to cheer him. The more Partridge saw of McDowell the more he seemed to like him, but he always had an air of studying the young man, as if trying to decide whether he would suit for a certain position.

One afternoon Partridge took his friend to call on an American lady who lived in a richly furnished apartment off the Champs Elysees. In the first introduction McDowell did not catch the lady's name, but he lost his heart to her promptly.

"Isn't she a stunner?" he raved as they walked down the street. "That's the kind of a woman to make a man perfectly happy!"

"Do you think so?" said Partridge.

"Yes, I do. Did you say she's married?"

"Has been married. She's divorced now."

"H'm, do you know her well?"

Partridge smiled.

"I ought to, she's an old friend of mine—in fact—she *was* my wife."

"What?"

"Yes, she got a divorce a few months ago, got it against me."

Although Partridge spoke quite cheer-

fully about this, McDowell refrained from asking further questions, partly from delicacy, partly on general principles. He flattered himself, however, that he had made a good impression on the lady and determined to see as much of her as possible. And he carried out this purpose so successfully that within a month she had promised to marry him. Partridge seemed greatly pleased when he heard the news and offered to give the bride away, but the young lovers dispensed with this and the former husband merely stood up with them at a quiet wedding in the American Chapel.

Several times during their brief engagement the fair bride referred to her previous life and started to tell McDowell about it, but he always cut her short, saying that he did not wish to go into that old divorce business unless it was absolutely necessary. So she merely kissed him and remained silent.

Announcement of the marriage was made in the New York papers and this led to several messages of congratulation, one of which read as follows:

Best wishes, kind regards to new member. Expect you both to spend a week with me on return. CHEEVER.

Mrs. McDowell blushed as she read this.

"Who's the new member?" asked McDowell.

"Why—you are," said his wife.

"And who's Cheever?"

"Why—he's James K. Cheever, my—my former husband."

This was McDowell's first intimation that his wife had been married twice before he met her, but he made no special comment, since he himself had prevented her from telling him about it. He only said, "H'm, Cheever must be a humorist."

After their marriage they traveled over the Continent, and wherever they went strange things befell them. In one city they were welcomed by high officials in carriages of state, in another they were

apparently regarded with suspicion. And in one instance, while on their way from Rome to Vienna, a courier met them at the Austrian frontier and delivered to Mrs. McDowell a sealed packet, which made her change all her plans and return to Rome at once, whence they journeyed rapidly to London. And in London she received constant visits from queer-looking men who might have been dynamiters or conspirators.

McDowell thought all this rather odd, but he made no comment and asked no questions for two reasons: first, because every day saw him more deeply in love with his wife, and secondly, because she had all the money, and a man does not like to be too dictatorial when his wife holds the purse-strings. Thinking it all over one evening after their arrival in London, McDowell said to himself: "I suppose she's one of these Nihilist sympathizers. Well, a rich woman must do something with her time and money."

After a brief stay in London they sailed for America and proceeded at once to Dayton, Ohio, where they were to visit Mr. Cheever. He turned out to be a very charming man, but quite an invalid, going with a cane, and, as McDowell soon discovered, wearing a patent steel foot. It struck McDowell that his beautiful Margaret had been rather unfortunate in the choice of her first two husbands, the one unable to eat, the other unable to walk, and he reflected complacently on his own physical superiority. He treated Cheever with sympathetic consideration, feeling half sorry for the man when he thought what he had lost.

What surprised him, however, and piqued him a little in various talks with Cheever, especially when they were alone, was to find the former husband assuming toward him an air of curiosity and half commiseration. He was exceedingly polite, gushed over Margaret, but somehow seemed to feel that the advantage of the situation was on his side. On the last evening of the visit, while McDowell and he were sitting together in the library, he suddenly said: "I want you to know, Mr. McDowell, that we all appreciate what you have done; in fact, we thank you for it; and if in the future we can—er—be of any—er—assistance—I mean with counsels and so forth, why—er—"

"How do you mean 'we'?" asked McDowell uneasily.

"Why, the rest of us, you know, the other—er—er—husbands."

"Whose husbands?"

Cheever looked at McDowell sharply, under his eyebrows.

"Margaret's husbands, of course."

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the other, "do you mean to tell me Margaret has had other husbands besides yourself and Partridge?"

"I see, Mr. McDowell, I may say my dear McDowell, that I have made an unfortunate mistake. I beg you to believe me, I thought Margaret had told you."

That was all he would say, and indeed McDowell did not ask him to say more, but withdrew very soon to his room, where, in spite of his usual philosophy, he tossed all night sleeplessly, haunted by Cheever's words. Margaret's other husbands! Heavens! how many others were there?

It was not until they were on the train going back to New York that he had a chance to broach the subject to his wife. He fully expected a scene with tears and protestations, but she took it all good-naturedly and owned up at once that she had had six husbands before she had married him, and got divorces from them all.

"I would have told you long ago, dear," she said sweetly, "only you wouldn't listen."

"I know," said McDowell dejectedly, "it's all my fault, but I didn't think there were so many of them. I didn't mind one or two, but six—good Lord! How did you happen to marry six men before you met me?"

"That's just it," she said archly, "it was before I met you."

"H'm," said McDowell, "were there any—er—er—any children?"

"No, dear."

At this McDowell relapsed into himself, after obtaining the names of his predecessors in Margaret's affections. He found that his wife's visiting card, if made out in full, would read: Mrs. Williams-Henderson - McEee - Bartlett - Cheever - Partridge-McDowell. As he looked at her sitting beside him so lovely and lovable, and so young withal, he could not understand how she had had so many husbands.

Everything went smoothly for a few weeks until a business trip called McDowell West and he found himself one night in Joplin, Mo., with time hanging heavy on his hands. He suddenly remembered that Joplin was the place where Williams lived, his wife's first husband, and he could not resist a sudden inclination to call on him. He found that Williams was a prosperous hardware dealer, and, concocting an excuse, was presently seated in his parlor. Williams turned out to be an exceedingly nervous man with a stuttering impediment in his speech. McDowell had not got far in his explanation when Williams interrupted him: "Don't do that, it isn't n-n-n-necessary. I know who you are."

"You do?"

"Certainly. Look here," and he led the way into another room, and pointed to a large picture of Margaret with seven smaller pictures grouped about it.

"There's Williams," said the hardware dealer; "that's me; I was the f-f-f-first; and there's Henderson and McKee and Bartlett and P-p-p-partridge, and Cheever and McDowell. You're McDowell. We're the first and the last, the ends of the ch-ch-chain." He said this with a grin.

"When was that picture of Margaret taken?"

"At the happy m-m-m-moment when she and I were united in m-m-m-matrimony, in '82. Looks like her, don't it?"

The picture did look exactly like Margaret, which was what perplexed McDowell, for, according to his calculation, she was only a child in '82.

"That can't be possible," he exclaimed. "She's only twenty-five to-day."

"Really?" said Williams, chuckling. "Then she must have been ten when I m-m-m-married her. How old are you?"

"Thirty-two," said McDowell.

"Good age, about the average."

"What average?"

"Oh, of all of us who have m-m-m-married her. I mean, when we started."

This struck McDowell as a queer remark, for Williams looked every day of forty-five, while Cheever was certainly past fifty and Partridge not much younger. It was true, he had not seen Bartlett or Henderson or McKee, who might bring the average down, but he failed to

see how he could get down to thirty-two.

"Have you got a good detective?" inquired Williams, suddenly.

"A detective?"

"Yes, for M-m-m-margaret."

McDowell's habit of taking things coolly stood him in good stead here, and he merely smiled.

"You think it's f-f-f-funny, don't you?" said Williams; "but it'll be f-f-f-funnier when you try to c-c-c-catch her. Say, for a g-g-g-girl of ten she was a w-w-w-wonder."

In spite of all his philosophy this interview made McDowell uncomfortable, and as he walked from the house he found his thoughts reverting to Williams' insinuations. The talk about a detective he laughed at as preposterous, but the man's queer look as he spoke of Margaret's age disturbed him. "I know what that fellow was trying to do," he reflected; "he was trying to frighten me with one of those vampire woman theories. Pshaw!"

It was about six months later, when they were comfortably settled in New York, that things began to happen which set McDowell wondering as to the extent of his wife's fortune. After their return from Europe she had told him that this was considerably less than he had supposed, and yet she now began to buy costly articles of dress and jewelry and trinkets of all kinds, in such numbers that McDowell simply could not understand how she was able to pay for them. Therefore, as the weeks passed and he saw her bring home night after night something that he knew to be of great value—now a set of furs, now an exquisite ring, now a diamond necklace—his doubts changed into grave forebodings, and he made up his mind that it was his duty to find out where these things came from. He forbore to ask Margaret the question, plainly saying to himself that if she came by the things rightly this would be to offer her an affront, while if she came by them wrongly, it would be to put her on her guard. For the first time since their marriage he seriously suspected her, and one night he even worked himself up to the point of thinking that she might be a beautiful criminal, a receiver of stolen goods, perhaps the leader of some daring band.

This thought made McDowell so mis-

erable that he did what he had never done before, and did not believe in doing on general principles, that is, spent several afternoons in following his wife. It was plain that he must know where she went and what she did, and must find out for himself, for the idea of entrusting such a delicate matter to a third person was repugnant to him. Whatever came, he would never carry out Williams' idea of employing a detective. Still, he remembered, with a sharp pain, what Williams had said, and he could not help wondering if this was the long-sought-for explanation of Margaret's trouble with her other husbands.

In one way the result of his surveillance was to bring him great relief, for he found that Mrs. McDowell spent her time, as other ladies do, going from shop to shop, looking at things and purchasing what she wanted. But the puzzle remained how she could purchase things in such profusion and at prices that would scarcely come within the purse of a millionaire.

As he reflected on all this, McDowell's brow clouded. "She can't be a thief," he said; "that's something; she isn't a pickpocket or a shoplifter, unless—by Jove, she might be that; she might be a kleptomaniac. She *must* be a kleptomaniac; there's no other way of accounting for it. She's been taking all these things without knowing it, my poor, dear little Margaret."

And he concluded forthwith that this must be the reason which had caused the other husbands to leave Margaret—they had found out her unfortunate weakness, but had been too chivalrous to betray it to the world. It was plain that he must take steps to protect her against herself and prevent possible disgrace. So the next day, after seeing her come out of Tiffany's holding something in her hand, he entered the store and asked the manager if he knew the lady walking down the street.

"Certainly I do," said the manager; "she's one of our best customers—Mrs. Kursheedt."

"Does she—does she pay for what she gets?" asked McDowell, floundering about in his surprise.

"What business is that of yours?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," said Mc-

Dowell, "only I happen to be her husband."

"What, are you Mr. Kursheedt?"

"No; I am Mr. McDowell, and that lady is Mrs. McDowell."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the manager curtly, and with that he turned on his heel and walked off.

"H'm," said McDowell to himself; "here's a peculiar situation; it is about time I looked into these things." So he went back to the manager and, on making a peremptory demand, succeeded in getting Mr. Kursheedt's address.

"If Margaret has taken an eighth husband," he reflected, "I may as well know it," and a little later he stood in the presence of Mr. Kursheedt, who turned out to be a thin, round-shouldered man with chin whiskers, apparently about fifty-five.

"Your business, sir?" he inquired in a rasping voice.

"I have been informed," began McDowell, "by a tradesman, that you are paying certain bills for my wife—Mrs. McDowell; I want to know if it is so."

"You refer to Mrs. Arthur McDowell?"

"I do; my name is Arthur McDowell."

"Then you have been informed correctly."

"So you admit that you have been buying diamonds and jewelry for my wife, and furs and—"

"Yes, and hats and gloves and gowns and heaven knows how many other things."

"For my wife?"

"Undoubtedly; do you see anything strange about it?"

"Oh, no! Why should I, being only the lady's husband?"

"That has no connection, sir, with the point under discussion. I have the honor to be the executor of the Kursheedt estate. I am your wife's cousin, duly empowered by her grandmother's will to pay certain bills of hers that may be presented to me. I suppose you are aware of that?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," gasped McDowell.

"And my cousin uses her grandmother's name in shopping to save complications. Is that plain?"

"I see," said McDowell, feeling himself ridiculous yet vastly relieved.

He was still far, however, from the

term of his puzzlings; indeed it seemed as if he was now to enter upon the most difficult part of them, for his wife, while she remained as lovely and affectionate as ever, began to act in a manner calculated to disconcert the most phlegmatic spouse. One evening in the midst of dinner a note came for her, and on reading it she excused herself, left the table and went out, not returning until after midnight. This occurrence was repeated several times, and in no instance did she offer any explanation. Later on she left the house entirely, without a word of warning and with no intimation why or where she had gone. During her absence of five days McDowell, who was very unhappy, had ample time to decide on his course.

When Mrs. McDowell came home he kissed her affectionately, told her how glad he was to see her and how much he loved her, all of which was perfectly true. Thereupon she burst into tears and sobbed for a long while with her head on his shoulder. When she grew calm he asked her two questions very kindly:

"Do you love me, Margaret?"

"With all my heart," she whispered.

"Are you concealing anything that I ought to know—anything that would affect my honor?"

To this she answered "No," with such vehemence that he believed her, and said in a quiet, matter-of-fact way that as long as those two points were settled he would not mind anything else.

He did hope, though, after this talk, that his wife would change her conduct. But his hopes were disappointed. Not only did her absences from home continue, but they became more and more extended, one lasting for three full weeks. And now anonymous letters began to come telling the husband where he would find his wife at a given time. And he certainly found her in strange places. Once it was in a fashionable opium den; again it was in a resort where ladies were allowed to gamble, and several times it was at spiritualistic meetings, where she was credited with unusual powers for attracting manifestations from the other world. And, worst of all, he found her one night at a low-class ball on the East Side—his Margaret, this radiant woman. And even here he never reproached her.

The thought came to him like a flash:

she was mad—insane. She did not know what she was doing; she was irresponsible. There was no other explanation possible; he wondered that he had not thought of it sooner. That made everything clear—her actions abroad, her reckless extravagance, her previous divorces. That was why the other husbands had left her. Full of this idea, he brought an eminent specialist to see his wife, presenting him as a friend. But she saw through the ruse, and when they were alone said: "Darling, you think I am insane, don't you?"

He hesitated a moment and then replied: "Isn't it kinder to think that than anything else?"

"I know," she said, breaking down; "but I am not insane, and I am not a bad woman, only—only I can't explain these things, at least not yet. I never cared about the others, they were selfish and suspicious; but you have been so (sobs) kind and—and more than trustful, and (burying her face in his shoulder) I—do—love—you."

As usual, that settled it for McDowell. If Margaret was insane, then he preferred the love of an insane woman to anything else in the world. He only asked her a single question, if the time would ever come when the riddle of their married life would be solved for him.

"Yes, dear," she said, "it will come, and sooner than you think, and then we will be so very happy."

This assurance fortified him in his intention to wait calmly in the face of any development, and he consoled himself with the thought that there wasn't much more in the way of novelties that his wife could try.

One afternoon in the following week while McDowell was reading in the library, he heard excited voices in the parlor. One of them was Margaret's and the other a man's whom he seemed to recognize. The man said something, and presently he heard the sound of kisses quite plainly.

"Oh, you dear old thing. Arthur, darling, my husband, come down—hurry."

When McDowell reached the parlor he found his wife beaming at Mr. Kursheedt, who was beaming back at her.

Mr. Kursheedt held out his hand and McDowell clasped it.

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir," said the lawyer.

"On what?" said McDowell.

"On having won a great fortune and the loveliest woman in New York."

"He's going to explain everything, darling," said Margaret.

"Hold on," put in McDowell, seized with a sudden idea, "let me try once more. I've thought of everything else. You were—you must have been a detective, is that it?" In his agitated state it seemed to him that this theory cleared away the mystery, at least it accounted for the queer places his wife had gone to.

"Wrong, sir," said Kursheedt.

"I'm not surprised," said McDowell; "I've had a dozen other theories and they've all been wrong too. Well, go ahead, what was it?"

"Margaret's grandmother," began the lawyer in measured tones, "the late lamented Mrs. Kursheedt, was not only an enormously wealthy woman, but a more than eccentric one. All her life she suffered sorely from the distrust and jealousy of her husband. And in making her will she planned a pretty vengeance upon the stronger sex to be worked out by her lovely granddaughter, my cousin Mar-

garet, her sole heir. In her will she left all her millions to be jointly possessed by Margaret and that husband of hers who should give such proofs of trust and confidence in his wife as might be demanded of him in a series of severe tests during a period of one year. That period has nearly expired and I have taken upon myself—"

"Because I made you," interrupted Margaret, her face all aglow.

"I have taken upon myself the responsibility, as sole executor, of deciding that you have successfully stood the tests put upon you, most of which I had the honor of devising."

* * * * *

A few evenings later, as the lovers were sitting together after dinner, Margaret said to her husband with a mischievous smile: "Do you know, dear, besides your love, there's another reason why I'm glad I met you?"

"Why, sweetheart?" asked McDowell.

"Because if I hadn't met you, I really believe I should have to go on marrying all the men in the world before I would have found one able to stand those awful tests."

A PASTEL.

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHULER.

A LONG life in the woods had imparted to Simpson the stoicism of silence. He knew that escape was impossible, but his face showed neither fear nor supplication. Expression was gone from it. He looked over the heads of his captors like one who knew nothing of their presence, and had no care for the future. It was this serenity in the face of disaster or death that men of his class sought most to acquire, and Simpson felt a pride that he had never been found wanting.

Of death itself Simpson had not any great fear. It had been his constant companion in a life that had been of his own choosing, and always he had considered it among the things most to be expected. He had enjoyed many years according to his nature and it was not for him to complain. He was glad that Berry, his com-

rade, had escaped. Berry was younger, much younger, and had more before him. Doubtless it was the wisdom of Providence that the one who had the least to lose should lose it. He hoped Berry would remember him, for they had been good comrades.

Simpson turned his eyes indifferently upon his captors like one who was watching people with whom he had no concern, merely because there was nothing else to do. The sun shone upon the copper of their shoulders and arms, and sifted through the gay feathers in their hair. The crisp October air felt very pleasant to Simpson. He had never seen the woods look more brilliant. The broad river beside them, with the sunbeams dancing on it, flashed in alternate streaks of silver and gold. The forest on the further shore, so thick the eye could not

enter it, was painted brilliant yellows and reds and browns by the brush of late Autumn. The far hills came nearer in the clear air.

Simpson's eye, which had wandered away for a moment to the woods and the river, came back to his captors. They seemed to pay little attention to him. There was slight need of watching, for he was too tightly bound to move.

He had wondered under his impassive face what they would do with him for the present, but their movements now permitted no doubt. In spite of his courage and his long years of self-control he shuddered a little. He had scarcely expected that so soon. He set his teeth hard and resolved that no cry should escape him. Yet he was sorry that he had not fallen in the encounter.

The chief sat on a log and directed the work of the others. Much dry brush, fallen the winter before, was scattered about, and the warriors gathered the lightest and driest of it, looking at each piece to see whether it would burn. Simpson watched them with the eye of a woodsman. It grated on him when a younger warrior brought a green stick, and the chief's judgment pleased him when he reproved the man and made him take it away.

It occurred to him that they might think he was afraid, if they saw him watching them. He turned his eyes away to the water. The river made him think of Berry again. His good and loyal comrade was safe on the other side now. It was better that one and not both should suffer.

Two of the strongest warriors lifted him to his feet and carried him to a tree. They bound him to the trunk in an upright position. Simpson did not seek to resist. It was the code of his class to die

as the old Romans would die, with dignity and without protest. He was glad they turned his face toward the river. Its shining waters and the spangled woods beyond were the last objects that he would see.

They began to heap the dry wood about his feet. At the touch of it the shudder seized his nerves, but he resolved again that he would neither cry out nor struggle. Yet it would be hard to endure. The pyre grew until it reached his knees; then its builders stopped to taunt him, to tell him of his coming tortures and their delight in them. Such was the custom and Simpson had expected it. He understood their language and he listened while they told him he would shriek and pray to them for mercy. But he appeared not to listen, his gaze wandering listlessly. He saw the anticipation in their eyes, but he would not gratify it by word or movement of his. He looked over their heads and toward the woods on the far shore of the river.

The pyre was finished and the warriors ceased for the time to taunt him. The chief signed to one of his men, who bent down and began to strike sparks of fire from flint and steel. Simpson heard the rasping sound, but he did not take his gaze from across the river. Just beside the rock where the reds and yellows blazed, the leaves were shaking. There was no wind.

The fire flashed from the flint and steel and the dry wood began to burn. Across the river came the report of a rifle shot, and a puff of smoke rose where the leaves had been shaking. A faint gleam of triumph passed over the face of Simpson. His head fell forward a little; a dark stain appeared upon his breast, and he had forever passed from the power of his captors.





THRESHING WITH SLED IN EGYPT.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF FARMING.

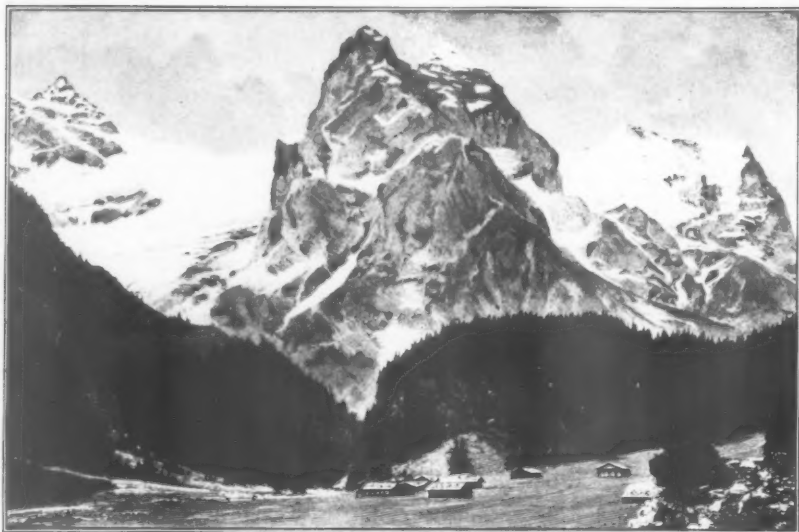
BY JOHN LANGDON HEATON.

"YOU Americans are no farmers," said Signor Branchi, the Italian Consul-General in New York, recently; "you are all in too great a hurry to get rich. You exhaust the soil as rapidly as possible, and abandon it as worthless, instead of restoring or retaining its virtue for your children. You are not patient with slow processes. You will never have good farming in this country until it is done by recent immigrants from Europe, who know how to work upon the land and are willing to do it."

It may be that Signor Branchi's view is too pessimistic and does not sufficiently take into account the American keenness to invent new ways of doing old work; still it cannot be denied that the New World traveler receives a considerable surprise when he first passes through Italy and sees on every hand such indications of generations of patient, unremitting toil. He sees rugged mountains terraced to their summits, vines pruned

with painstaking care, acres of lemon groves screened with mats from too much exposure, walls built to last for centuries and brooks trained for irrigating their valleys at each level of their descent. He may agree with Signor Branchi that we are no farmers, by comparison with the men who have done these things. He is quite as likely, however, to reflect that we must continue in what seem, to a European, slipshod and wasteful ways, and make free use of machinery as well, if we do not wish to reduce wages to the European level.

Some of the things done by Italian farmers are admirable; some deserve a place among the curiosities of agriculture. In the region of the Italian lakes, for instance, it may seem natural to split out thousands of slabs and posts of stone to act as supports for grapevines, and to build fences of stone slabs set side by side, instead of standing them eight feet apart to string wires upon; but to an American



AN UPLAND PASTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

farmer every one of these slabs would seem the gravestone of wasted hours.

Switzerland is not more the land of picturesque scenery than of careful farming. I have seen in that country a potato patch on top of a rock thirty feet in diameter. Across the lower side, where naughty cattle might be tempted to climb for a forbidden feast, a single length of rail fence had been laid. The other sides were too precipitous to need such protection. The same painstaking thoroughness is shown when a Swiss woman toils for half a mile up steep mountain paths, bearing on her back a tall basket full of manure to enrich some tiny terrace of grain running, from the rock behind to the retaining wall in front, perhaps twenty feet at most.

But farming in Switzerland is not all a matter of mountain and rock. There, as elsewhere, the river valleys are the vantage points for culture, the mountains yielding more easily to usefulness as pasturage. There are winding brooks whose courses have been straightened as with a ruler and walled on either side, so that they occupy the least possible space. Even such rivers as the Rhone, above Lake Geneva, will one day be narrowed by artificial banks nearly their entire length. The process of making land upon these streams goes on steadily, nature do-

ing most of the work. From each shore, at intervals, rough temporary walls of loosely-laid stones are built out towards midstream, at right angles to the current. The torrent, gray with crushed stone from the glacier far above, eddies below each of these obstructions, dropping a little silt year by year, until a patch of half an acre emerges to view. Then a more permanent wall connects the ends of each two transverse barriers, and with a little artificial filling behind it, an oblong field of two or three acres will result. The amount of silt carried down these glacial streams is enormous. The Rhone has filled eleven miles of the upper end of Lake Geneva, forming the flat, dreary plain of Ville-neuve, and at the upper end of every glacial Swiss lake is a similar area. Thus throughout the valley of the Rhone and other rivers thousands of acres may be reclaimed, and the constant fall will make their irrigation an easy matter. These sharp differences of level are an advantage not only in the making of scenery, but in the lake draining operations to which the Swiss are so partial. In 1836 the picturesque Lungern Lake was drained to half its size by an outlet tunnel pierced through the solid rock from below, and prosperous farms now cover the reclaimed land. Switzerland seems to retain

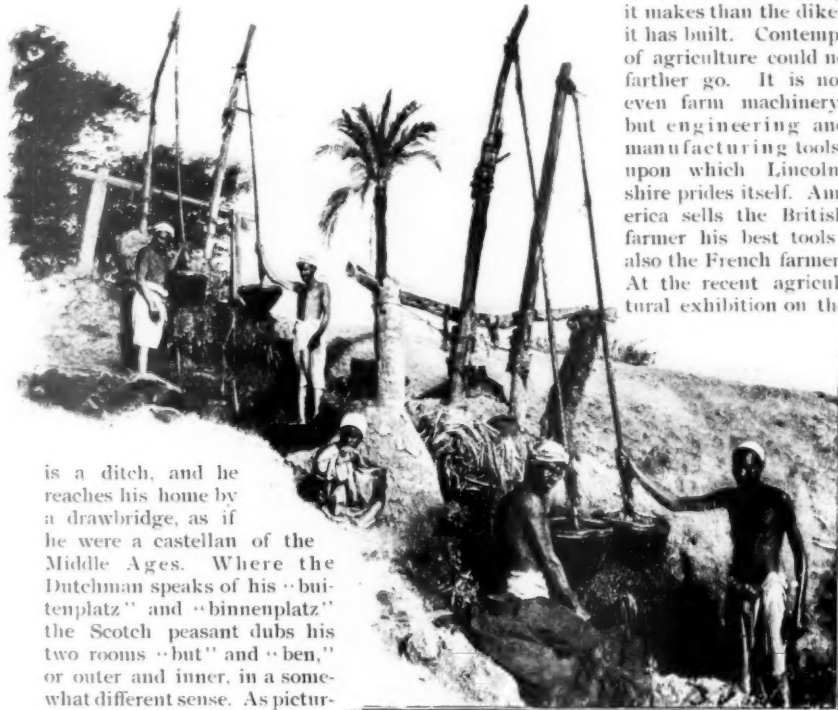
its picturesqueness in spite of having taken liberties with nature which would be hailed as vandalism if attempted in the White Mountains or the Adirondacks.

What would a Dutch landscape be without its windmill? The painters continue to limn rural scenes in Holland as whitened by their sails, but these are fast being replaced by the more reliable, if less picturesque, steam-pump. As some of the "polders," or drained lake beds, are more than forty feet below sea level, and as there is considerable rain in Holland, the pumps have plenty of work on their valves, and the wind-driven variety is apt to fail at inconvenient times. When the great Zuyder Zee is all drained except a line of canals about its edge and a grid-iron of canals across it, the pumping which keeps it clear of water will be done entirely by steam, though in many old polders windmills still do their work. Water is everything to a Hollander. Even the fence about his "buitenplatz"

mill is the municipal weighing-house for the great farm staple of the country, Edam cheese. In such towns as Alkmaar, Purmerend, Edam and Hoorn the smell of curing cheese steals like a benediction on the happy air, and through the open doors of the drying-lofts one sees everywhere long rows of the deep-red globes, as if they were giant apples laid up on the shelves out of the reach of the small boys whose huge wooden shoes clatter about the brick-paved towpaths.

That surprising little country, England, which seems to have room for all manner of curious things, such as moors and twenty-mile-long deer "forests," whence the tenantry of old days have vanished with the trees, is little like Holland in general appearance; but one portion of it, the Lincolnshire fen lands, were reclaimed from the sea and are preserved by just such means as have made the Dutch famous. It shows the British bent of mind that Lincolnshire is more

noted for the machinery it makes than the dikes it has built. Contempt of agriculture could no farther go. It is not even farm machinery, but engineering and manufacturing tools, upon which Lincolnshire prides itself. America sells the British farmer his best tools; also the French farmer. At the recent agricultural exhibition on the



is a ditch, and he reaches his home by a drawbridge, as if he were a castellan of the Middle Ages. Where the Dutchman speaks of his "buitenplatz" and "binnenplatz" the Scotch peasant dubs his two rooms "but" and "ben," or outer and inner, in a somewhat different sense. As picturesque even as the Dutch wind-

AN IRRIGATING BATTERY OF SHADOOFS ON THE NILE.

Champs de Mars, in Paris, the wine-presses and chicken incubators were nearly all French make; but the space devoted to reapers, plows, harrows, and other tools of culture and the harvest looked like a section of a Yankee county fair. Many of the exhibiting firms were American.

Scarcely three months before the Paris show I had attended a smaller one, almost a society function, in the Esbekiyeh Park, in the heart of Cairo. There machinery was scarcely seen, for it is the deliberate policy of the rulers of thickly-settled Oriental countries, like Egypt and China, to discourage labor-saving inventions which might deprive millions of people of their means of livelihood. This policy may be branded as unenlightened; at any rate, it is followed not only by the British rulers of India, but by the British advisors of Egypt. As for presses, the Mohammedans make no wine and drink none, except at times, absent-mindedly. They are rather an absent-minded people. But they have cotton-baling machines which, according to the reports of the United States consuls, send Egyptian cotton to market in better condition than most of that from our own Southern States. The cotton exhibit in Cairo last winter was certainly a fine one; so was that of fruits. There were cedrats—a kind of coarse, ill-bred lemons—certainly as large as a man's head, and mammoth pumpkins and delicious mandarin oranges, which are catalogued by their native name, "Yussuf Effendi," or "Mr. Joseph." The apples of Egypt, like those

of nearly the entire Mediterranean region, are small and poor.

The boys of the Cairo agricultural school had an exhibit showing how to make beehives out of Russian petroleum tins, which serve as many uses in the Levant as lard pails and butter tubs do in Yankee households. And lest any one might think a Mohammedan boy doesn't understand a joke, these farm students also exhibited some thirty varieties of honey, whereof the judges affirmed that one was best, the others being rated good, bad or indifferent in various degrees. They were all from the same lot! From as long ago as the story of Samson the Levant has been famous for its honey and for its erratic judges.

The keeping of bees is not the only ancient survival in the green ribbon of the Nile valley that divides the Libyan from the Arabian desert; all farming operations go on almost as they have done for the last four thousand years. In larger operations, such as building railroads, bridges and canals, Egypt uses the best engineering talent and is well abreast of the times; but the fellah still pumps water for his lush millet or luxuriant corn with a shadoof, which is the parallel of a New England well-sweep; or a sakiyeh, which is an equally close copy of the round-and-round mule-sweep formerly used in the United States in grinding clay for bricks. I once expressed my surprise to an official of the Egyptian Government that people should continue to pump water by making bullocks turn wheels on whose rims are bound heavy

crockery jars, spilling outside the troughs fully a third of the water so painfully raised. His crushing rejoinder was that chemical analysis sustains the conclusion reached by long experience, that bullock manure supplies just the additional fertilizing element needed to keep the silt from Abyssinia, of which the Nile has made its bed, keyed up to its wonderful



GRECIAN PLOWMAN.

pitch of productivity. I don't think this answer conclusive. There is no reason why the bullock should not turn a lighter wheel—one with kerosene tins instead of earthen jars bound upon its periphery, for instance; although it is true that no other country in the world is so productive as Egypt, acre for acre. It will not produce grass, however, even upon the

currant buns to plain ones may have caused Hellas' downfall—a pleasing text for those philosophers who like to moralize upon great effects which flow from trifling causes.

The cuttings taken off in pruning the currant vines—for the Greek currant is really a grape—furnish the exasperatingly temporary fires which relieve the chill of



GATHERING A CHIANTI VINTAGE IN ITALY.

lawns in Cairo, which are painfully flooded and coaxed.

Even the Greeks are thus far in advance of the Egyptians. They pump water with sakiyehs of the Egyptian type, except that the wheel is lighter in its construction and the pumping buckets are metal, not earthenware. For the rest, Greek culture is nothing like so thorough or productive as that of Egypt. The country seemed gone to the dogs, industrially, even before the recent war. The figs of Sparta, the currants of Corinth and Patras and the grain of Thessaly are the chief crops, and the greatest of these is the currant, which forms more than half of the entire exports. The ruin of Greek finances, preceding and probably causing other troubles, was locally ascribed to the fall in the price of currants. Ah, the fickle public! A revulsion of favor from

a Greek winter, and the white patches of soil prepared for currant drying are conspicuous in the landscape. The viticulture of the Greeks is distinguished by one strange trait. Into all the native wine powdered resin is put to give it "bite." The "retsinato," as the mixture is called, is more bitter than the most unalluring dose a temperamentally irritable allopathic physician can think of when he is called up after midnight to attend a patient who isn't ill; and it is a tradition that under such circumstances prescriptions are severe.

Either Greek or Turk could give an American farmer lessons in economy of fuel. Even in the old-fashioned houses where cavernous fireplaces yawn for the logs that have vanished, vine-cuttings and small brush are used. Fagots grow a little more substantial as one moves

west, but throughout the Continent, where wood is used at all, sticks of thumb size are considered quite large enough to sell in the towns, and those of lead pencil size are burned at home. Purely for purpose of warmth little fuel is used south of Switzerland. The Greek housewife sometimes permits guests to warm their hands at a tiny fire of twigs placed in a bed of ashes in a wooden box. The soapstone stove of Germany and Russia is an admirable device for economizing fuel. A fire of twigs heats it, and it retains

the treeless Greek mainland. They are gnarled and twisted as if very old; their trunks are seamed and pitted with the graves of dead limbs, and they straggle up the stony hillsides in admired disorder, carrying aloft a wealth of sage-green foliage not unlike the æsthetic tint which Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" describes as "cold gravy." It seems odd that any farming community should place so much reliance upon the olive, of which a crop is usually expected only about once in six years.



A SAKIH AT REST.

warmth for hours after they are in ashes. Some of these stoves are enormous and are set close to the wall, so that the fire can be built through a door from the passage outside. This method of avoiding a "muss" in the best room might commend itself as heartily to a Yankee farm housewife as the economy of fuel ought to please her husband, who is apt to be the enemy of his friend, the tree.

The olive trees of Corfu are among the most beautiful in the world, or perhaps they only seem so to one coming out of

In spite of the long-continued unpleasantness between the two peoples, one finds Greek and Turkish farmers much alike. There is not much to choose between their rude tools, their dirt, ignorance and unprogressive ways. In Thessaly, as in Turkey, there are but few farm-carts, and these have wheels made in solid flat discs of planks spiked together. Their axles turn with the wheels, groaning atrociously in their unoiled sockets beneath the wagon body. About Athens a few modern plows may be seen, but away

inland Turk and Greek alike scratch the soil with clumsy wooden contrivances like those of the time of the Pharaohs. The richest portion of Turkey is in the Smyrna neighborhood, famed for figs and prunes and for the raising of many kinds of aromatic drugs. But the dominant note in the Turkish landscape is neither fruit tree nor senna shrub, but the tall, dark-green cypresses, which crown every height and are the especial mark of the cemeteries. By their trees one learns to know people—by his oranges and lemons, the Neapolitan; by his cypresses, the Turk; by his figs, the Peloponnesian; by his olives, the Corfiote and the Spaniard.

In their way the cork forests of Southern Spain are interesting—the scarred trees standing white when just denuded of their bark and gradually growing darker again, like sheep that have been shorn. But perhaps the most phenomenal peculiarity of Spanish agriculture is the fostering care given it by the Government. This enlightened rule not long ago caused to be destroyed in a single province six million tobacco plants, not because of any prejudice against nicotine, but in order not to disturb the tariff income from Havana imports. This is a tariff for revenue only! Next to the folly of its Government, the most surprising phenomenon in the Spanish country, in view of the reputation of its people for procrastination and guitar-playing, is to find them among the most industrious in Europe. Of course the most profitable Spanish farming is done by Englishmen. The English seem to have a happy instinct in



PAU-PAU TREE.



EXHIBIT OF EGYPTIAN COTTON IN CAIRO.

choosing remunerative enterprises away from home. They raise coffee and tea in Ceylon, cotton in Egypt, and in Spain they almost monopolize the production of the best sherry wine. But the hard-working native Spaniard, with his herd of goats and his pack-mule, his leathern bottle, his gay neckerchief and his stout heart, that taxes cannot crush, is a fine fellow, deserving of more appreciation and a better lot. He, too, raises olives by the million. One is led to wonder what becomes of all the olives which are grown in such prodigious quantities throughout Southern Europe. It is possible that some of them are still used in making olive oil, in spite of the Yankee discovery that cotton-seed oil, with the help of a label, does about as well.

The use of olive oil for butter, the total lack of native cheese fit to eat, and the universal goats' milk, explain the scarcity of cattle in Southern Europe. Switzerland is almost the southern limit of the export cheese-making industry. Although Greek and Spanish peasants make a poor variety out of goats' milk for home consumption, Dutch, French and Swiss cheeses are used throughout the Mediterranean countries by tourists and by wealthy residents. In all the South cattle are raised mainly for the rich man's beef and to do the poor man's work. By pushing with their great heads against horn-yokes, the oxen scratch the soil about the shores of the Roman lake as they did in the old days. The Southern farmer never ceases to regard the horns as the natural handle of a bullock. When his usefulness in the field is over, and the unhappy animal is to be shipped, say, from Morocco to Cadiz, to be taken to Cuba as food for the Spanish soldiers there, he is conveniently hoisted into the ship's hold by a running noose about his horns.

Farming in Morocco is disappointing to one who remembers that before Columbus sailed from Spain the Moors were the gentlest people in Europe. There is in their land to-day not one wagon, nor a road on which to use one. Moorish culture is almost exclusively of the cereals. Shepherds graze sheep and goats among the sparsely-peopled hills, usually carrying guns while so employed; their villages of low huts are surrounded by thorn fences, looking not unlike the "zarebas" used by invading armies in Equatorial Africa; their chief grain is millet, the "sesame" of the "Arabian Nights." They are a self-contained and self-sufficient people, neither buying nor

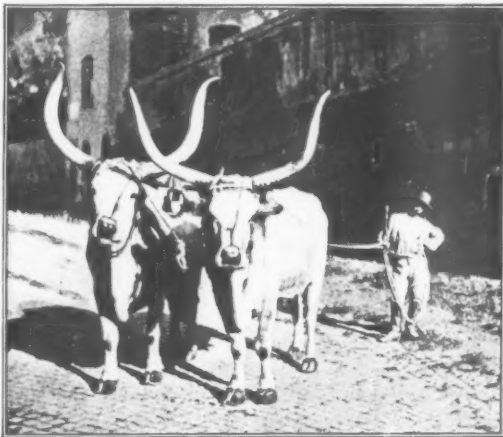
selling with the rest of the world; wonderful weavers, skilful metal-workers, patient, abstemious and religious men, but indifferent farmers.

Not always abstemious, of course. The Moor, like the Egyptian and Turk, uses no intoxicating liquors. Still he raises a few grapes, and he must hate to see them go to waste; for in the heart of Morocco I have tasted of strong, heavy sherry which was afterwards entered upon the dragoman's bill as "Moorish sweets."

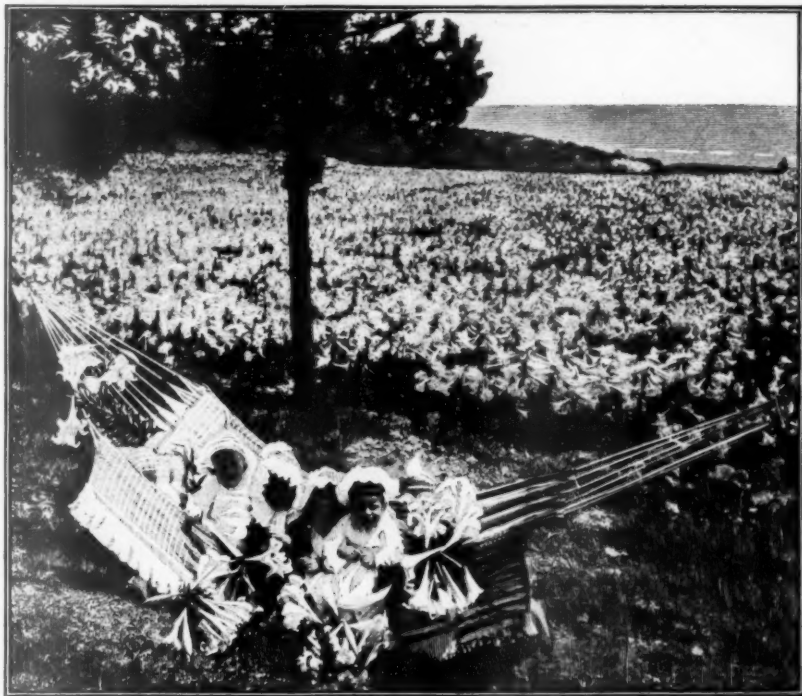
There is more of the Orient than the Occident in the Russian farmer's way of doing things, but in his vast wheat fields there is a constant reminder of the grain lands of our own Western States. He may be a more dangerous competitor of the American farmer than the East Indian ryot, because his Government is willing to see the employment of improved machinery, and has an eye to the future, to empire and to progress.

Sheltered from Russian cold by the Balkans, Bulgaria and Roumania foster a more picturesque agriculture. There is in the latter State an enormous region where little is grown save roses, which are used for making attar of roses. At the rose harvest, which is short, one sees peasants from Bosnia, Servia, Albania, Greece, Turkey, Russia, and even Asia Minor, besides the Roumanians themselves—a medley of strange types and stranger costumes, more sharply contrasted than those at a hop-picking in

central New York or at the vintage in Germany and central France, which is otherwise a similar revel of workers from far and near. A curious division of labor is maintained in many German vineyards. The men cut bunches of grapes to fill the baskets that women carry. A male



LONG-HORNED OXEN OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



BERMUDA LILY FARM.

vintager would be "demeaned" by basket carrying, though this is the heavier work.

The pay, for man or woman, is small. I was once told by a large wine-grower of the Rheinpfalz of a strike of vineyard laborers which had just been settled, after long and anxious conferences among the proprietors, by an advance in daily wages of three-fourths of one cent. But each laborer gets a generous daily ration of inferior, unmarketable wine—about two quarts, if my memory does not play tricks with me.

North of the wine belt live a race of butter-makers, the Danes, who supply Great Britain with a large share of all the butter that its people use, as well as many fresh eggs. Eggs in England are classified as "new-laid eggs," "strictly fresh eggs," "fresh eggs," "excellent imported eggs" and "eggs." They used to come, and may yet come, into London port from France also, and in the latter case were packed in cheap new coffins which, after

their one experience as packing boxes, were for sale, like their contents, but by different retailers.

The English have at home practically no agriculture, or one which is dying out from foreign competition and home neglect; but an Englishman who should travel among the colonies of the "tight little island," would see nearly all the possible varieties of farming, from tea raising in Ceylon to sheep herding in Australia, and from rice farming in India and sugar and rum making in Jamaica to butter churning and potato digging in Canada. But he would see nothing stranger than the farming of the little coral island of Bermuda, which is mainly devoted to raising the odorous Easter lily and the odoriferous onion. Bermuda wears the jubilee colors and those of Old Glory as well. It is all white of pounded coral rock and red of the mold of rotting cedars and blue of the salt sea. Onions and lilies grow in the red mold. It was an American refugee for his health, General Hastings,



SWISS FARMS RECLAIMED FROM A LAKE.

who taught the natives how to raise the latter for profit. A ten-acre lot of Bermuda lilies is one of the sweetest sights that the eye of man is likely to fall upon or his nostrils to recognize. The onions, while growing, are far less fragrant, but come out strong when packed for shipment.

Nearly every Bermuda farmer has a quarry on his premises. As the soft white coral stone can be cut with a hand-saw while fresh, and hardens only upon exposure, a farmer wishing a hen-coop or pig-pen has only to gouge a hole of the proper size into the side of his quarry and stop its mouth with onion-box slats. Cutting stone with a hand-saw reminds one of Arizona regions, where hay is mowed with an ax, wood chopped with a hoe and grain sown with a shot gun. In sober truth, wood is dug with a pickaxe from the Scottish moor o' Rannoch, where

in the soil yet linger the roots of trees that have vanished above it as completely as the massacred McDonalds from nearby Glencoe.

But the story of the strange things of agriculture, the things that divers men do in differing fashions, is, after all, a short one compared with the list of processes that vary little with time or distance. The modern hoe is a superior implement compared with the Nilotic implement of four thousand years ago; but the maker of to-day learns from the makers of past ages the proper angle at which to set his blade and haft. The movement of the sower's hand, not yet forgotten in the age of grain drills, is the same the world over. The basic principles and processes of the farmer's life are now as they have always been, and always will be, unless the new chemistry some day takes the place of agriculture altogether.





XIX.—*Continued.*

MAN, who vivisects the lower animals, certainly has no claim to exemption when in his turn he becomes a lower animal. Certainly nothing else that we know of the Martians points to their being needlessly cruel. They did not, for the gratification of their personal vanity, tear out the hair of the living women they captured in order to deck themselves with the spoils, nor did they, in my judgment, carry the sporting instinct quite so far as men. In the heat ray matches they certainly held every one of the men was killed outright; none escaped charred and mutilated to die in a slow agony after they had served their turn. Compared with the lot of the birds used in pigeon-shooting, theirs was indisputably a fortunate one. And the aimless collecting spirit, which encourages the systematic impalement of insects by children, was apparently absent altogether from the Martian mind. Indisputably they inflicted enormous agonies; indisputably Martians and men cannot exist permanently upon the same planet; but that is no reason why we should tell lies upon ethical points. They fought for their kind, and we for ours. But as for right—I do not believe that there is any right in the world, save the sense of justice between man and man; all the rest, I hold, is physical law.

But I wander from my subject. The physiological advantage, at any rate, of this practice of inunction was undeniable,

if one thinks of the tremendous waste of human time and energy occasioned by eating and the digestive process. Our bodies are half made up of glands and tubes and organs occupied in turning heterogeneous food into blood. The digestive processes and their reaction upon the nervous system sap our strength, color our minds. Men go miserable or happy as they have healthy or unhealthy livers, or sound gastric glands. But the Martians were lifted above all these organic fluctuations of mood and emotion.

Their undeniable preference for men as their source of nourishment is partly explained by the nature of the remains of the victims they had brought with them as provisions from Mars. These creatures, to judge from the shriveled remains that have fallen into human hands, were bipeds, with flimsy silicious skeletons (almost like those of the silicious sponges) and feeble musculature, standing about six feet high, and having round, erect heads and large eyes in flinty sockets. Two or three of these seem to have been brought in each cylinder, and all were killed before earth was reached. It was just as well for them, for the mere attempt to stand upright upon our planet would have crushed them.

In three other points the Martian physiology differed from ours. Their organisms did not sleep, any more than the heart of man sleeps. Since they had no extensive muscular mechanism to recuperate, that periodical extinction was unknown to them. In twenty-four hours they did

twenty-four hours of work—as even on earth is perhaps the case with the ants. In the next place, wonderful as it seems in a sexual world, the Martians were absolutely without sex, and therefore of any of the tumultuous emotions that arise from that difference among men. A young Martian was born upon earth dur-

ing the war, and it was budded off just as young lily bulbs bud off, or the young animals in the fresh water polyp. In man, in all the higher terrestrial animals, such a method of increase has disappeared, but even on this earth it was certainly the primitive method. Among the lower animals, up even to those first cousins of the vertebrated animals, the tunicates, the two processes occur side by side, but finally the sexual method superseded its competitor altogether. On

Mars, however, just the reverse has apparently been the case.

The last point in which their systems differed from ours was in what one might have thought a very trivial particular. Micro-organisms, which cause so much disease and pain on earth, have either never appeared upon Mars or Martian

sanitary science eliminated them ages ago. But of that I will write more at length later.

But speaking of the differences between life on Mars and terrestrial life, I may allude here to the curious suggestion of the red weed. Apparently the vegetable kingdom in Mars, instead of having green,

for a dominant color, is of a vivid blood-red tint. At any rate, the seeds which the Martians (intentionally or accidentally) brought with them always gave rise to red-colored growths. Only that now known popularly as the red weed, however, gained any footing in competition with terrestrial forms. For a time the red weed grew with astonishing vigor and luxuriance. It spread up the sides of the pit by the third or fourth day of our imprisonment, and its cactus-like



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"THE ACTUAL MARTIANS WERE THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CREATURES IT IS POSSIBLE TO IMAGINE."

branches formed a carmine fringe to the edges of our triangular window. And afterwards I found it broadcast throughout the county, especially wherever there was a stream of water.

The Martians wore no clothing; their conceptions of ornament and decorum were necessarily different from ours, and

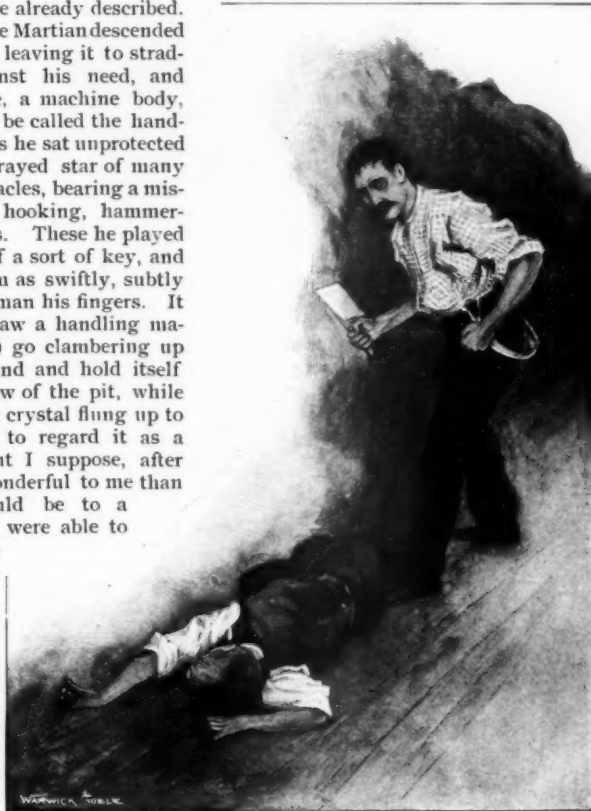
not only were they evidently much less sensible of changes of temperature than we are, but changes of pressure do not seem to have affected their health at all seriously. But if they wore no clothing, yet it was in the other artificial additions to their bodily resources certainly that their great superiority over man lay. We men, with our bicycles and road skates, our Lilienthal soaring machines, our guns and sticks, and so forth, are just in the beginning of the evolution that the Martians have worked out. They have become mere brains, wearing different bodies according to their needs, just as men wear suits of clothes and take a bicycle in a hurry or an umbrella in the wet. There was the gigantic marching, fighting body of metal carrying the generator of the heat ray, which I have already described. At the pit, however, the Martian descended from this huge thing, leaving it to straddle motionless against his need, and it assumed, as a rule, a machine body, which might perhaps be called the handling machine. In this he sat unprotected amidst a two-score rayed star of many jointed arms and tentacles, bearing a miscellany of gripping, hooking, hammering and stabbing ends. These he played through the agency of a sort of key, and he certainly used them as swiftly, subtly and dexterously as a man his fingers. It was hard when one saw a handling machine (as I have done) go clambering up a vertical bank of sand and hold itself by one arm to the brow of the pit, while it caught bars of rock crystal flung up to it by two others, not to regard it as a living organism. But I suppose, after all, it was no more wonderful to me than a steam-engine would be to a thoughtful ape. We were able to see from our peephole the upper works of the green-vapor machine, the precipitous side of the pit to the north, and part of the westward slope, down which the Martians came into the pit. And in the northwest corner of the pit were the shambles, where it was their custom to kill their prey. Only

once did I see that done, and then only indistinctly, for I lay almost stunned with fear and repulsion. I heard suddenly a dismal crying, and saw one of the many-armed handling machines clambering crab-like down the slope with a lad gripped in one of its flexible tentacles. It emitted a cheerful hooting as it did so, and immediately three of the round brown-bodied unarmed Martians gathered round it. I must admit it seemed a painless death.

XX.

THE DEATH OF THE CURATE.

Our life, pent up in the kitchen and scullery of the ruined house, was a strange one. During the earlier days we spent



WARWICK GOBLE.

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"I STUMBLED OVER THE CURATE, STAGGERED AND STOOD PETRIFIED."

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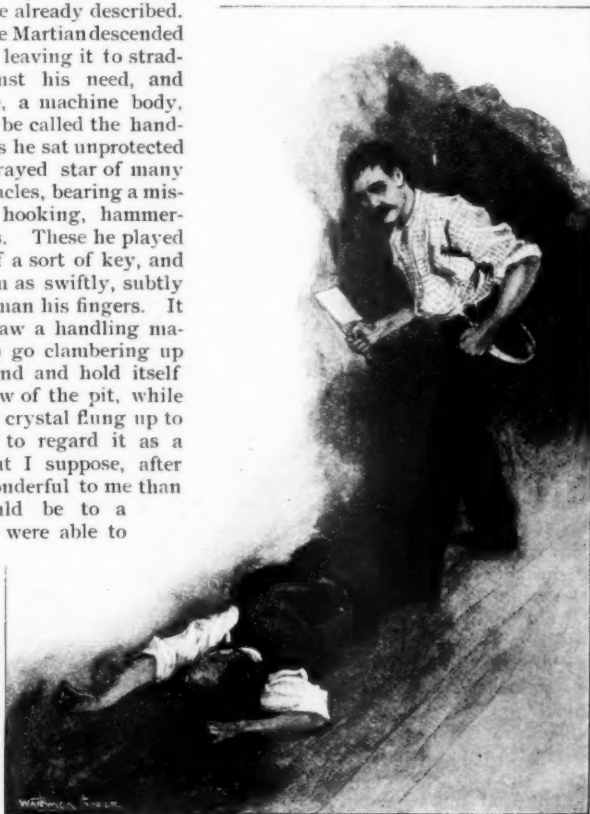
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the greater part of our time sitting motionless in the scullery, scarcely exchanging a word with one another. The curate talked to himself in an undertone, seeming to be reasoning out some perplexing theological problem. He ate more than I did, and it was in vain that I pointed out that a time might presently come when we should need food. He ate and drank impulsively, in heavy meals at long intervals. He slept but little. As the days passed the peephole began to exercise a horrible fascination upon him. He would lie watching for hours together, eating nothing.

I was quite unused to seeing mental trouble, or I suppose I should have understood that from the first the swift tragedy that had burst upon the world had deranged his mind. After the eighth day he began to talk aloud instead of whispering, and nothing I could do would moderate his speech. "It is just, O God!" he would say over and over again. "It is just. On me and mine be the punishment laid. We have sinned; we have fallen short. There was poverty, sorrow; the poor were trodden in the dust, and I held my peace. I preached acceptable folly—my God, what folly!—to fat stockbrokers; to landlords who drew their rent as though it came from God; to idle, foolish women; to cheating, over-reaching tradesmen; to braggart half-pay gentility, when I should have stood up, though I died for it, and called upon them to repent, repent! The brotherhood of man! To make the best of every child that comes into the world! How we have wasted our brothers! Oppressors of the poor and needy! The wine-press of God!"

So he would talk, with his voice rising slowly, through the greater part of the eighth and ninth days, a torrent of half sane and always frothy repentance for his vacant sham of God's service, such as made me pity him. Then he slept awhile and began again with renewed strength, so loudly that I must needs make him desist. "Be still," I implored.

He rose to his knees—for he had been sitting in the darkness near the copper. "I have been still too long," he said, in a tone that must have reached the pit, "and now I must bear my witness! Woe unto this unfaithful city! Woe, woe!

Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet——"

"Shut up," I said, rising to my feet and in a terror lest the Martians should hear us. I looked around for something wherewith I might stun him.

"Nay," shouted the curate at the top of his voice, standing likewise and extending his arms. "Speak! The word of the Lord is upon me."

In three strides he was at the door into the kitchen. "I must bear my witness. I go. It has already been too long delayed!"

I put out my hand and felt the meat-chopper hanging to the wall. In a flash I was after him. I was fierce with fear. Before he was half-way across the kitchen I had overtaken him. I turned the blade back and struck him with the butt. He went headlong forward. Even as he did so the triangular aperture was darkened by a Martian. I stumbled over the curate, staggered, and stood petrified for a moment.

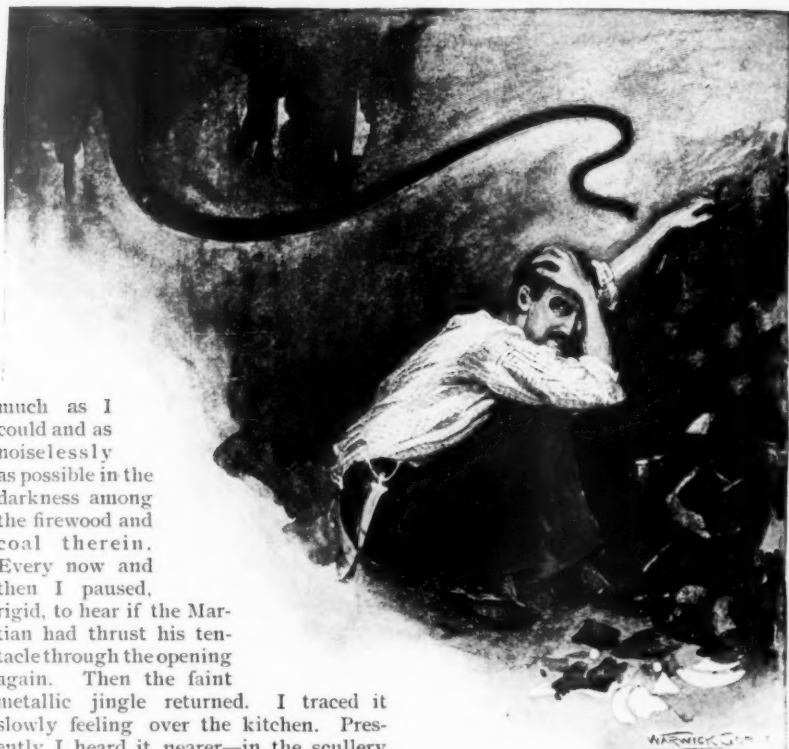
Then I rushed to the door into the scullery. As I did so a long metallic snake of tentacle came feeling slowly through the hole. I went into the scullery and turned. I did not know how long their tentacles were, whether one could reach across the kitchen. Suppose it could! Had the Martian seen me? What was it doing now? I could imagine that snaky thing twisting and turning this way and that. I opened the door of the coal cellar, and stood there in the darkness staring at the faintly lit doorway into the kitchen, and listening.

Something was moving to and fro there very quietly; every now and then it tapped against the wall, or started on its movements with a faint metallic ringing like the movement of a bunch of keys on a split ring. Then something was dragged across the floor of the kitchen towards the opening.

I crept to the door and peeped into the kitchen. In the triangle of bright outer sunlight I saw the Martian in its Briareus of a handling machine scrutinizing the curate's head. I thought at once that it would tell of my presence from the mark of the blow I had given him. I rushed back to the coal cellar, shut the door, and began to cover myself up as

much as I could and as noiselessly as possible in the darkness among the firewood and coal therein. Every now and then I paused, rigid, to hear if the Martian had thrust his tentacle through the opening again. Then the faint metallic jingle returned. I traced it slowly feeling over the kitchen. Presently I heard it nearer—in the scullery as I judged. It passed, scraping faintly, across the cellar door. An age of almost intolerable suspense intervened. Then I heard it fumbling at the latch. It had found the door! It understood doors. It worried at the catch for a minute perhaps, and then the door opened.

In the darkness I could just see the thing—like an elephant's trunk more than anything else—waving towards me and touching and examining the wall, coal, wood and ceiling. It was like a black worm swaying its blind head to and fro. Once even it touched my boot. At any moment the blind filament might discover me. I was on the verge of screaming—I bit my hand. For a time it was silent. I could have fancied it had been withdrawn. Presently with an abrupt click it gripped something—I thought it had me!—and seemed to go out of the cellar again. For a minute I was not sure. Apparently it had taken a lump of coal to examine.



Drawn by
Warwick Goble.

"IT WAS LIKE A BLACK WORM SWAYING ITS
BLIND HEAD TO AND FRO."

I seized the opportunity of slightly shifting my position, which had become cramped, and listened. I whispered passionate prayers for safety. Then I heard the slow, deliberate sound creeping towards me again. Slowly, slowly, it drew near, scratching against walls and tapping furniture. While I was still doubtful it rapped suddenly against the cellar door. I heard it go into the pantry, and the biscuit tins rattled and a bottle smashed, and then came a heavy bump against the cellar door. Then silence that passed into an infinity of suspense. Had it gone? At last I decided that it had.

It came into the scullery no more. But I lay all the tenth day, in the close dark-

ness, buried among coal and firewood, not daring even to crawl out for the drink for which I craved. It was the eleventh day before I ventured far from my security. My first act, before I went into the pantry, was to fasten the door between kitchen and scullery. But the pantry was empty; every scrap of food had gone. Apparently the Martian had taken it all on the previous day. At that discovery I despaired for the first time.

I took no food and no drink either on the eleventh or the twelfth day. At first my mouth and throat were parched and my strength ebbed sensibly. I sat about in the darkness of the scullery in a state of despondent wretchedness. My mind ran on eating. I thought I had become deaf, for the noises of movement I had been accustomed to hear from the pit ceased absolutely. I did not feel strong enough to crawl noiselessly to the peephole, or I would have gone there. On the twelfth day my throat was so painful that, taking the chance of alarming the Martians, I attacked the creaking rain-water pump that stood by the sink, and got a couple of glassfuls of blackened and tainted rain-water. I was greatly refreshed by this, and emboldened by the fact that no inquiring tentacle followed the noise of my pumping.

On the thirteenth day I drank some more water, and dozed and thought disjointedly of eating and of vague impossible plans of escape. Whenever I dozed I dreamt of sumptuous dinners, but, sleeping or awake, I felt a keen pain that urged me to drink again and again. On the fourteenth day I went into the kitchen, and I was surprised to find that the fronds of the red weed had grown right across the hole in the wall, turning the half-light of the place into a crimson-colored obscurity. It was early on the fifteenth day that I heard a curious familiar sequence of sounds in the kitchen, and listening, identified it as the snuffing, and scratching of a dog. Going into the kitchen I saw a dog's nose peering in through a break among the ruddy fronds. This greatly surprised me. At the scent of me he barked shortly.

I thought if I could induce him to come into the place quietly I should be able perhaps to kill and eat him, and in any case it would be advisable to kill him,

lest his actions attracted the attention of the Martians. I crept forward, saying, "Good dog!" very softly. But he suddenly withdrew his head and disappeared. I listened—I was not deaf—but certainly the pit was still. I heard a sound like the flutter of a bird's wings and a hoarse croaking, and that was all.

For a long while I lay close to the peephole, but not daring to move aside the red plants that obscured it. Once or twice I heard a faint pitter-patter like the feet of a dog going hither and thither on the sand far below me, and there were more bird-like sounds, but that was all. At length, encouraged by the silence, I looked out. Except in the corner, where a multitude of crows hopped and fought over the skeletons of the dead, there was not a living thing in the pit. I stared about me, scarcely believing my eyes. All the machinery had gone. Save for a big mound of grayish blue powder in one place, certain broken bars of metal in another, the black birds and the skeletons of the killed, the place was merely an empty pit in the sand. I hesitated for some time, and then, with considerable exertion, I scrambled out of the hole and onto the top of the mound in which I had been buried so long. There I found, empty and blood-stained, the big cage of white metal in which the victims had been confined.

XXI.

AFTER THE FIFTEEN DAYS.

I looked about me. When I had last seen this part of Sheen in the daylight it had been a straggling street of comfortable white and red houses, interspersed with abundant shade trees. Now I stood by this cage on a mound of clay and gravel, over which spread a multitude of red cactus-shaped plants, knee high, without a solitary terrestrial growth to dispute their footing. The trees near me were dead and brown, but further, a network of red threads scaled the still living stems. The neighboring houses had all been wrecked, but none had been burned; their walls stood sometimes to the second story, with smashed windows and shattered doors. The red weed grew tumultuously in their roofless rooms. Below me

was the great pit, with the crows struggling for its refuse. A number of other birds hopped about among the ruins. Far away I saw a gaunt cat slink crouching along a wall; but traces of men, there were none.

The day seemed, by contrast with my confinement, dazzlingly bright, the sky a glowing blue, and a gentle breeze kept the red weeds that had covered every scrap of unoccupied

for food, and here was a patch of garden unburied. I found some young onions, a couple of gladiolus bulbs, and a quantity of immature carrots, all of which I secured; and scrambling over a ruined wall, went on my way through the trees towards Kew, possessed with two ideas—to get more food, and to limp, as soon and as far as my strength permitted, out of the region of the pit; for I did not know when the Martians might return.

Some way farther, in a grassy place, was a group of mushrooms, which I also devoured, and then I came upon a brown sheet of flowing shallow water where meadows used to be. At first I was surprised at this flood in a hot, dry summer, but afterwards I discovered that this was caused by the tropical exuberance of the red weed. Directly this extraordinary growth encountered water it straightway became gigantic and of unparalleled fecundity. Its seeds were simply poured down into the water of the Wey and Thames, and its swiftly-growing and titanic water-fronds speedily choked both these rivers. At Putney, as I afterwards saw, the bridge was almost lost in a tangle of this weed; and at Richmond, too, the Thames water poured in a broad and shallow stream across the meadows of Hampton and Twickenham. As the waters spread the weed followed them, until the ruined villas of the Thames valley were for a time lost in a red swamp and much of the desolation the Martians



Drawn by
Warwick Goble.
"A MULTITUDE OF CROWS HOPPED AND FOUGHT
OVER THE SKELETONS OF THE DEAD."

ground gently swaying. For a time I stood marveling at the change that had come over the world. Then the fact of my insecurity came to mind, and clambering past the empty cage, I crossed the summit of the mound and descended on the other side. I was of course alert

caused was concealed. In the end the red weed succumbed almost as quickly as it spread. A canker disease, due, it is believed, to the action of certain bacteria, presently seized upon it. The fronds became bleached, and then shriveled and brittle. They broke off at the least touch, and the waters that had stimulated their early growth carried their last vestiges out to sea—but this is an anticipation.

My first act on coming to this water was, of course, to slake my thirst. I found the water was sufficiently shallow for me to wade securely, although the red weed impeded my feet a little, but it evidently got deeper towards the river, and I turned back towards Mortlake. I managed to make out the road by means of its villas and fences and lamps, and so presently got out of this spate, and made my way to the hill going up towards Roehampton, and came out on Putney Common. Here I hunted for food among the trees, finding nothing, and I also raided a couple of silent houses, but they had already been broken into and ransacked. I rested for the remainder of the daylight in a shrubbery, being, in my enfeebled condition, too fatigued to push on. All this time I saw no human beings and no signs of the Martians. I encountered a couple of hungry-looking dogs, but both hurried away from the advances I made them. Near Roehampton I had seen two human skeletons—not bodies, but skeletons—picked clean, and in the wood by me. I found the crushed and scattered bones of several cats and rabbits and the skull of a sheep. But though I gnawed parts of these in my mouth, there was nothing to be got from them.

After sunset I struggled on along the road towards Putney, where I think the heat ray must have been used for some reason. The aspect of the place in the dusk was singularly desolate—blackened trees, blackened desolate ruins; and down the hill, the sheets of the flooded river, red-tinged with the weed; and over it all—silence. It filled me with a kind of terror to look at it all and think how swiftly that desolating change had come. For a time I believed that all mankind had been swept out of existence, and that I stood there alone, the last man left alive.

I went down Putney High Street, and at the corner of the Upper Richmond Road came upon another skeleton, with the arms dislocated and removed several yards from the rest of the body.

I crossed the bridge and found a man at last, lying at the corner of the lane to Putney Bridge. He was as black as a sweep with the black dust, and helplessly and speechlessly drunk. There was black dust along the roadway from the bridge onwards, and it grew thicker in Fulham. The streets were horribly quiet. I got food in a baker's shop here. Some way towards Walham Green the streets became clear of powder, and I passed a white terrace of houses on fire—the noise of the burning was an absolute relief. Going on towards Brompton the streets were quiet again.

Here I came once more upon the black powder in the streets and dead bodies. I saw altogether about a dozen in the length of the Fulham Road. They had been dead some days, so I hurried quickly past them. The black powder covered them over and softened the outlines of their bodies. One or two had been disturbed by dogs. Where there was no black powder it was curiously like a Sunday in the city, with the closed shops, the houses locked up and the blinds drawn, the desertion and the stillness. In some places plunderers had been at work, but rarely at other than provision and wine shops. A little jeweler's window had been broken open in one place, but apparently the thief had been disturbed, and a number of gold chains and a watch were scattered on the pavement. I did not trouble to touch them. Farther on was a tattered woman sleeping in a heap on a doorstep; the hand that hung over her knee was gashed and bled down her rusty brown dress, and a smashed magnum of champagne formed a pool across the pavement.

I became more and more convinced that the extermination of mankind was, save for such stragglers as myself, already accomplished in this part of the world. The Martians, I thought, had gone on and left the country desolated, seeking food elsewhere. Perhaps even now they were destroying Berlin or Paris, or it might be they had gone northward.

The farther I penetrated into London

the profounder grew the silence. But it was not so much the stillness of death; it was the stillness of suspense, of expectation. Somehow I felt that this was not the end. I had a sense of things still im-

pending. Suppose the Martians were, after all, at hand. At any time the destruction that already
singed the

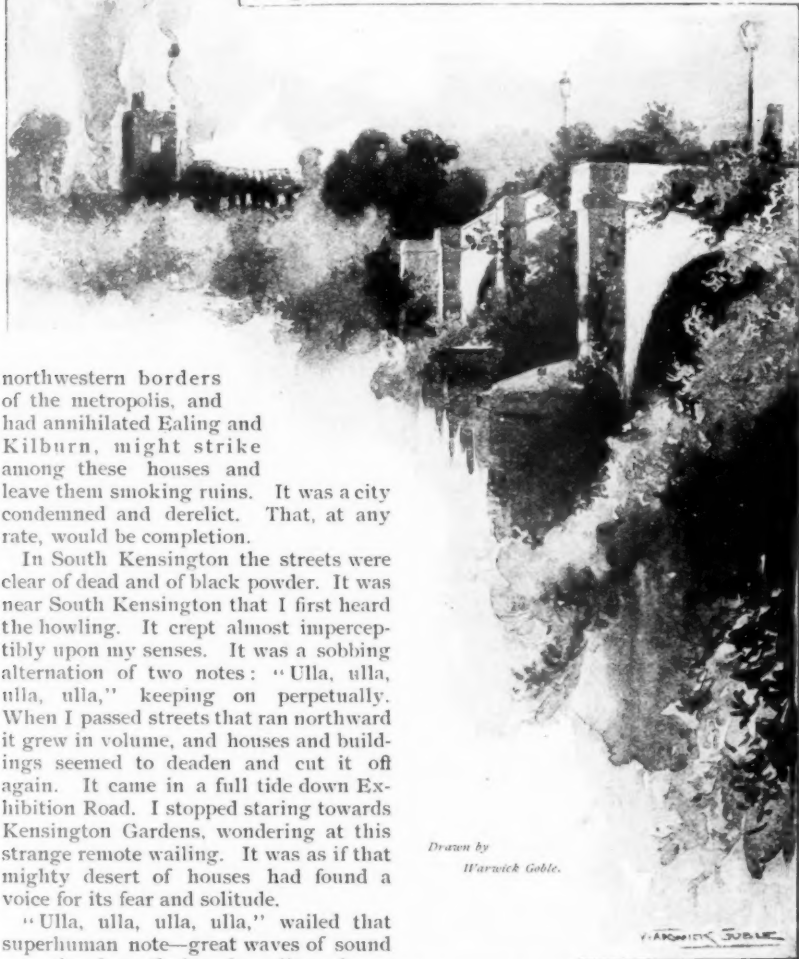
I turned northward, marveling, towards the iron gates of Hyde Park. I had half a mind to break into the Natural History Museum and find my way up to the summits of the towers, in order to see across the park. But I decided to keep to the ground, where quick hiding was possible, and so went on up the Exhibition Road. All the large mansions on either side of the road were empty and still, and my footsteps echoed against the sides of the houses. At the top, near the park gate, I came upon a strange sight—a 'bus over-



northwestern borders of the metropolis, and had annihilated Ealing and Kilburn, might strike among these houses and leave them smoking ruins. It was a city condemned and derelict. That, at any rate, would be completion.

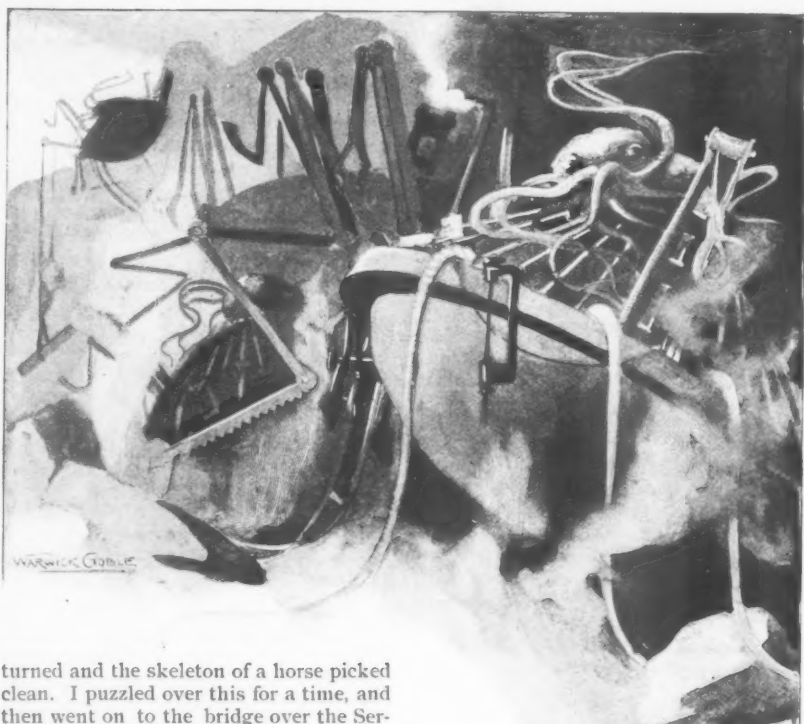
In South Kensington the streets were clear of dead and of black powder. It was near South Kensington that I first heard the howling. It crept almost imperceptibly upon my senses. It was a sobbing alternation of two notes: "Ulla, ulla, ulla, ulla," keeping on perpetually. When I passed streets that ran northward it grew in volume, and houses and buildings seemed to deaden and cut it off again. It came in a full tide down Exhibition Road. I stopped staring towards Kensington Gardens, wondering at this strange remote wailing. It was as if that mighty desert of houses had found a voice for its fear and solitude.

"Ulla, ulla, ulla, ulla," wailed that superhuman note—great waves of sound sweeping down the broad, sunlit roadway, between the tall buildings on either side.



Drawn by
Warwick Goble.

"AT PUTNEY THE BRIDGE WAS ALMOST LOST IN A TANGLE OF THIS WEED."



turned and the skeleton of a horse picked clean. I puzzled over this for a time, and then went on to the bridge over the Serpentine. The voice grew stronger and stronger, though I could see nothing above the housetops on the north side of the park, save a haze of smoke to the northwest.

"Ulla, ulla, ulla, ulla," cried the voice, coming, as it seemed to me, from somewhere beyond Baker Street. The desolating cry worked upon my mind. The mood that had sustained me passed. The wailing took possession of me. I found I was intensely weary, footsore, and now again hungry and thirsty. It was already past noon. Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alone when all London was lying in state

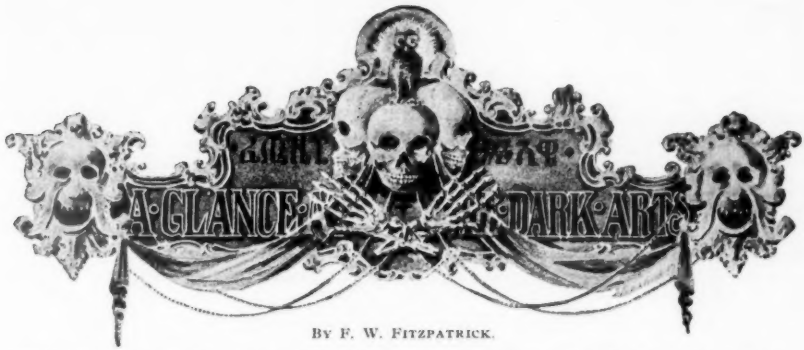
*Drawn by
Warwick Goble.*

THE HANDLING MACHINE.

and in its black shroud? I was intolerably lonely. My mind ran on old friends that I had forgotten for years. I thought of the poisons in the chemists' shops, of the liquors the wine merchants stored. I recalled the two sodden creatures of despair who, so far as I knew, shared the city with myself. We were the last of men.

(To be continued.)





BY F. W. FITZPATRICK.

THAT phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry occupy, according to popular verdict, very unimportant places in the list of practical sciences seems, to me at least, most lamentable.

In fact I am not quite convinced that the consensus of public opinion does not go still further and absolutely relegate that trinity to mythdom. Perhaps it is that they are so comparatively new, or that they have so recently revived from a long slumber, that the masses have not yet outgrown that fear of them that they no longer have of the other and more applied ones, and still look upon them as occult, dark sciences, a species of traffic with the devil—an unholy delving into the mysteries of the future most incompatible with a Christian's trust in his Creator. Even our dictionaries of comparatively recent date define palmistry, for instance, as "a species of fraud much practiced by the gypsies."

It is not so very many years ago, however, that theology, medicine and law were shrouded in the same sort of mystery; yet see how familiar the layman is with them to-day. May we not hope for the popularization of those other marvelous and mystic sciences too, particularly when we find them constantly and unconsciously applied by our friends in their every-day intercourse with their fellows? So-and-so is spoken of as "having the hand of an artist;" such another person as "having the head of a philosopher," and still another as being deficient in intellect, "you see it in his face;" then again a fourth party is supposed to be trustworthy, for "he looks so very honest!" That the test is even applied

to the lower animals is evidenced by "a vicious-looking horse" or a "good-natured-looking dog."

It may seem immodest for me to undertake in this paper to set forth a defense of the subject or to attempt to show the true province of those three sciences of phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry, and their various co-related branches—all of which can properly be classed under the one head of "character-reading"—particularly when such able apologists as Lavater, Gall, Professor Bain, Conté, Sivārtha and Sir Benjamin Brodie have so thoroughly covered the ground; yet those authors have written for the scientific world, and their works are to be found upon the shelves of but few private libraries and are rarely called for in the great libraries of our cities, so that perhaps I am justified in this work of condensing a mass of matter from them into the narrow limits of a magazine article that may be casually read by thousands who would not think of deliberately seeking for information from the authorities.

Besides "condensations" from the above-named authorities, much of my data is taken from such keen observers and writers as Doctor Laycock, Combe, Lewes, Jenoncean, Solly, Leuret, Owen, Muller, Fowler, Merton and Bertillon, the famous French scientist, whose system of criminal identification is now used the world over. I am also indebted to many kind medical friends, surgeons and physicians in charge of hospitals or asylums—whose opportunities for measuring and closely observing great numbers of people under all sorts of circumstances are extraordinarily good—for

measurements and recorded observations of many thousands of heads.

In detail we will limit our consideration of the subject to phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry, simply because they are the best known and most exhaustively treated phases of character-reading. The shape of the foot, one's walk and carriage of himself, dress, mode of expression, intonation of voice and every other peculiarity are all indices of character, but have not been observed, or at least the observations have not been recorded so generally as have the first three named. That any specialty can be carried to a high degree of accuracy, however, is illustrated by the fact that some time ago a noted German observer of handwriting gave me as clear and perfect a resumé of a friend's characteristics from a few words scribbled on a card by him as I could after years of intimacy with him and careful study of his character.

The skull, though a hard bony substance, is shaped by and conforms to the brain, and clearly indicates the latter's convolutions, ridges, indentations or depressions. These convolutions are the centers of the intellectual actions—being connected with the striated and optic bodies that are now accepted as the centers of volition and sensation—hence the deductions of phrenology.

A whole volume would hardly suffice to fully describe the wonderful mechanism of the brain, its billions of nerve-cells and the delicate adjustment of its parts; but here we must content ourselves with accepting the authoritative statement that it is the seat of the faculties and controls all else about us. One cannot help but be wonderfully impressed, however, in dissecting a brain to have to realize that it is with this very unattractive-looking mass—seven per cent. of albuminous matter, six of salts, twelve of fat and seventy-five of water—that we think, love, hope, and that it is the progenitor of our noble ideals and high aspirations.

These faculties, large or small, are born in us, can be developed the same as muscles are—by use and training—but not created if absent. True, there are but few brains that do not contain at least rudimentary faculties (note that a feeble-minded child can be taught many things; a fairly sensible being can be made of

him, but never a brilliant man—a born idiot remains one). A man absolutely without artistic instincts can go to art schools until he is gray, but he will never be an artist. Now, by accurate observation of the brain's convolutions and of human actions, it is possible to discover the strength of the dispositions and intellectual powers of man. These observations, taken in conjunction with the facial conformations and expressions, together with the evidences of the hand, or any other scientific system of comparison of individuals, make it possible to give an almost infallible diagnosis of character, admitting, of course, that one faculty largely developed modifies another not so developed, and that great good judgment must be exercised in the process of diagnosis, and that at least as careful weighing of the testimony found be done as is practiced in our courts of law before pronouncing as to a man's temperament and faculties. Believing this theory of faculties and knowing the influence of heredity upon the offspring, and that faculties that have been exercised for generations are bound to be largely developed in that offspring, will broaden one's views of humanity, if nothing more, and will impel one to make greater allowances for the shortcomings of his fellows than if convinced of their personal and sole responsibility for them. A criminal is born and, like an artist, cannot be made. He may be modified by later environment possibly, but to do criminal deeds one must have criminal propensities.

A criminal is born, I say, so is a nun and a "new woman," a wit and a dullard, an orator and the men who make good audiences, the artist and the mechanic, the acquirer of millions and the spendthrift. These propensities can be checked, modified, perhaps entirely subjugated, by conditions and will; but men make strange and often fatal mistakes in adopting uncongenial, unnatural occupations in life. Cannot all our failures be traced to our attempting to do something for which we are not naturally fitted? How almost brutal it is for a parent to determine to make a merchant of his son if the latter's faculties all tend towards the arts! And how true the old adage that one may "spoil a good blacksmith to make a poor lawyer."

Such a train of reasoning does not take long to convince one of what inestimable value the application of character-reading would be in bringing up our children.

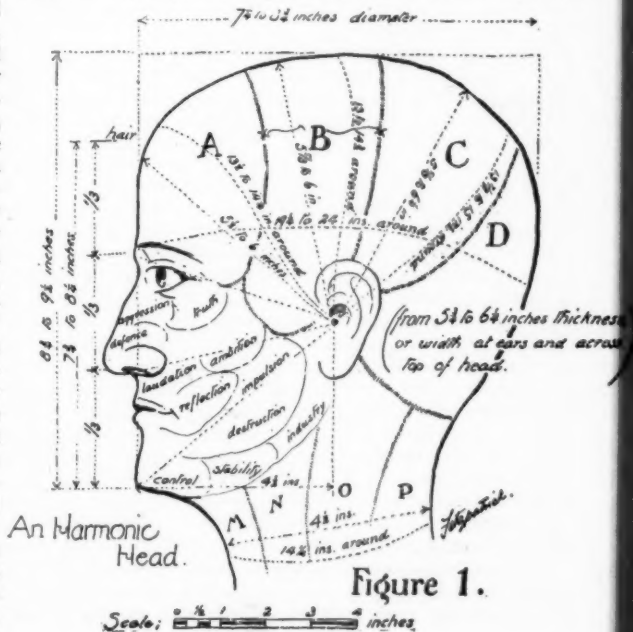
In observing the faculties it must be remembered that allowances have to be made for preponderance of testimony, the corroboration of faculties, one of the other, or their unsustained evidence; for instance, if the faculties denoting restlessness and a desire for travel be largely developed, and the faculties of study, judgment and reason be also large, we have an explorer, a traveler, whose travels will be of profit to himself and to the world. If the first set be largely developed in the man we are experimenting with, and the second set either undeveloped or absent, you then probably have first-rate material on hand with which to manufacture a typical tramp. So with the passions. If the animal instincts be largely developed, the ruling faculties, the subject is probably brutish in the extreme; if, on the other hand, they be largely developed, but associated with as large a development of devotion and friendship, you have a specimen of humanity most eminently fitted to become a model husband and father. Larger the part, larger the faculty, and persons undersized or of inferior grade physically must be read in a lower scale, but in the same proportion as a normal subject, although an abnormally small head is generally deficient in intellect and the other faculties, unless the head denotes the possession of an abnormally high order or quality of organism. Some very small brains have made up in weight what they lacked in size. Byron's for instance, was very small but exceedingly heavy. Napoleon's head was enormous, so was Washington's, Webster's, Clay's, Adams',

Franklin's, Hamilton's and thousands of other celebrities.

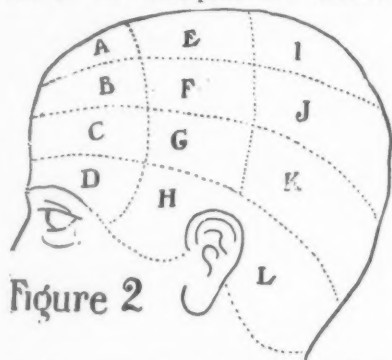
The same with abnormal developments. We sometimes see great men with puny bodies and enormous heads; but generally one built by so inharmonic a model is not a success; for instance, if the intellectual faculties are abnormally large, our subject will usually be found to lack vital force enough to render that intellect of any great value.

Just think if our great men with enormous heads and puny bodies were only built all on the same scale as their heads how much greater they might have been! Not that all physically perfect men or powerful animals are great men, but our animal nature is the basis of all our mental and moral functions as well as physical. The very primal constitution of things is such that mind can put forth only in and by its material organism, and is strong or weak, quick or sluggish, as its organism is either.

There are grand divisions of the brain and its faculties—they relate one to the other—and there are subdivisions, classes, functions, groups and faculties, the same as a map is divided into countries, states



and counties. Combinations of groups, as of these countries, form stronger functions or new entities; energy, for instance, being but the united product of mobility, industry and defense. There are faculties that are exceedingly subject to others, and there are still others not at all influenced by any others. The propensities and sentiments, for example, cannot be controlled by, nor are they part of, the will. You cannot pity, hate or love any one by willing it—thus would phrenology be particularly beneficial to a young man in love; he could quickly discover if the object of his affections could love him in return or could be merely a sister to him, and thus save himself much shoe leather and anguish. These faculties are called into play by external causes—cautiousness by some terrifying object; love by beauty, and so on. Perceptive and reflective



faculties are subject to and constitute part of the will. Memory is simply a mechanical action, a storing away process, as a photographer does with his negatives—for future use. It is a mode of action, not a sentiment.

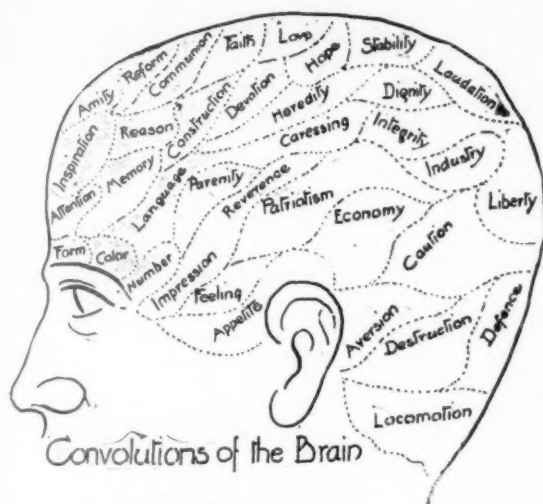
There are certain correct proportions of the head. One that is so proportioned denotes a harmonic temperament. Both of its sides, from the center line of the face, are alike and it varies but very little from the standard measurements. The nearer one's head is to the measurements the nearer perfect is he in temper and habits and the greater chances has he, if his harmonic head surmounts a harmonic body, of a long and useful and healthy life.

Whilst dealing with humanity in such general terms we might give a minute's attention to the races of the earth. They

can probably be divided into three classes or types. The prognathous type, in which the predominance of the sensual over the intellectual faculties is usually brought about by want, squalor and ignorance, is that in which the forehead recedes very rapidly from the nose, the nose being wide and short, the jaw heavy and projecting (note the African); the pyramidal type, having broad cheek-bones and the jaw sloping inward from them, is the type generally found among the intellectually weak but cunning nomadic, wandering tribes (take the Arabian, for instance); the oval type, our own, denotes possession of more or less harmonic qualities, high culture and civilization. In the intermixing and mingling of these types the latter, the oval, is influenced less by the others than they are by its presence.

The heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large as primary conditions of longevity. The person blessed with the possession of those large organs will appear very tall when sitting down, will have a large trunk. The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear being low, far below the line of the eyes. The blue, hazel or brown eye, as showing an intermission of temperament, is also a favorable sign of longevity. The nostrils being large and free indicate large lungs. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. A child inheriting the prize of longevity will mature slowly and is usually backward in his studies. Eyes wide apart denote the possession of a good memory, an artistic temperament and a fairly honest disposition. Eyes near together denote the opposite virtues or qualities. Eyes prominent ("saucer-eyes") identify the born orator, one possessing wonderful powers of speech, portrayal of sentiment, mimicry. Lips compressed and thin, a long slit of a mouth, denote coldness, absence of affection, soullessness, a destructive and vengeful character. Corners of the mouth turned up and mouth prettily curved tell of a cheery, mirthful disposition, and, of course, the corners turned down would indicate a morose, morbid character. The ancients appreciated this and carved their masks of comedy and tragedy accordingly.

A Roman nose is generally found on a



·Figure 3·

leader, a ruler of men—"all great men have great noses," though all great noses need not necessarily belong to great men. So with large ears. I cannot recall to my mind a celebrity not so endowed. Generosity, also, is a virtue of large ears. Thumbs close to the fingers indicate narrow-minded individuals, poor ones to "tie to" as friends; well detached from the fingers they are indices of frankness and a warm, friendly disposition. The thumb overlapping the hand and held closed in the hand is an idiot's thumb. The hand habitually held tightly closed is in very fact a "close-fisted" man's hand, a sign of stinginess. A short, weak jaw marks one lacking in will and determination; a broad, heavy jaw is that of one who when he says "no" means it.

Dark complexion and black hair are indications, in races as well as individuals, of strength. Coarse black hair and skin indicate powerful animal passions and strength of character, and dark-skinned nations, you will observe, are always behind the light-skinned in all the improvements of the age, as well as the higher and finer manifestations of humanity. Coarse red hair indicates wonderful physical endurance and strength. Fine light or auburn hair indicates quick susceptibilities, with refinement and good taste;

fine dark brown hair, exquisite susceptibilities, with great strength of character; while auburn hair and florid countenance indicate a high order of sentiment, intensity of feeling, purity of character and a high capacity for enjoyment and suffering. Curly hair shows a crisp, excitable and variable disposition and much diversity of character, intense love or gushing emotions, brilliancy and versatility; while straight, smooth, fine and even hair are indices of even temperament, hearty whole-souled affections, a clear head and superior talents; stiff, straight and coarse hair means a coarse, rigid, straightforward character. Abundance of hair signifies virility and stability of character. Gross and depraved natures generally possess fiery red countenances. Dullness or extreme

pallor is a condition of the health, and one's physical or mental powers are usually in a state of temporary or permanent stagnation.

Wide, round heads and faces indicate strong animal propensities, jovialty and considerable selfishness; long, narrow heads and faces are possessed by those weak in animal passions, sober-minded and unselfish. A loving woman is apt to carry her head thrown well back; a deep thinker carries the head bent forward. Firm men are liable to carry themselves very straight, while a money-lover will carry his head and body thrown forward, as if in pursuit of something.

The brain's convolutions are arranged to give the greatest possible surface of nerve-cells, representing a surface, in a normal head, of nearly three hundred and sixty square inches, and are deepened by good qualities. These deep places leave, of course, comparatively raised surfaces between them, to which the skull conforms, as we have observed before, thus forming "bumps." Don't look for excrescences as big as walnuts—any one so endowed would be a freak—but simply fullness of parts. So with the face. In comparing it with the physiognomist's chart (Fig. 4), do not mistake chunks of fat for indications of faculties or at-

tributes. A person with a great double-chin hanging down is not necessarily a determined nor an energetic person. A well-formed head is a pear-shaped oval, larger at the top than at the chin, and a trifle broader at the forehead than at the backhead. It ought to be, in a normal being—varying, of course, with size and sex—not less than nineteen inches nor much over twenty-four inches around, just over the ears (see Fig. 1); from seven and one-quarter to eight and three-quarter inches in diameter, "fore-and-aft," and from five and three-quarters to six and one-quarter inches across from side to side. A head measuring twenty-three inches around should be nine and one-quarter inches from extreme tip to chin—on an imaginary line—and seven and three-quarter inches from the roots of the hair to the bottom of the chin. Taking the center of the ear, the orifice, as a radial point, that head should measure straight over, from ear to ear, fourteen and three-quarter inches; around top of forehead, still from ear to ear, thirteen and seven-eighth inches, and fourteen and three-eighth inches around the top of backhead from the same radial points. The width across the top of such a head should be about six and one-quarter inches; it should measure the same at the ears, then taper down slightly to the jaws and on to about two and one-half inches across the chin. It should rest upon a substantial neck four and one-half inches across and about fourteen and one-quarter inches around.

The face should be pretty nearly a straight line vertically; the forehead, lips and chin should touch such an imaginary line, leaving the nose to project out much as a handle to a jug does. And it should be equally divided in height—one-third for the forehead, one-third for the nose and the other third for the mouth and chin. These figures are those of a well-built man of medium size, about five feet nine inches tall and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds.

The grand divisions of the brain—the countries on the Continent—are, as shown by Fig. 1: A, representing the group of intellectual faculties; B, the affections; C, the vital temperament, and D, the will. Fig. 2 (one of Merton's most comprehensive charts) shows these coun-

tries divided into states. A is the seat or bunch of the receptive faculties—desiring friendship and creating culture; B, the reflective ones—inspiration, discovering laws and mechanical truths and creating sciences; C, the group of retentive faculties—attention, memory and sound creating; D, the perceptive group—form, color and sight, creating the arts. These four subdivisions constitute the faculties of the intellect. The faculties under the grand division of affections are: Group E, the functions of religion—creating divine and human unity; F, sexation—creating admiration for the opposite sex, the mating propensities; G, parention—creating family affections, patriotism; H, sensation—creating home-life, weight, taste, feeling, smell and hunger. The groups of vital temperament and the will are divided by so hazy a line that they had better be considered together. I is ambition—wills pride, authority, ownership; J, force—wills justice and labor; K, defense—is economy, wealth and wills security; L, impulsion—is aversion, destruction, commerce, mobility and locomotion. The human neck has been measured and observed, so that even from its development one may draw inferences as to its possessor's character. Fig. 1 also shows the neck's grand divisions, and is corroborative testimony of the head's faculties—M being the portion denoting the presence of intellect; N, sensation; O, action, and P impulsion. Seemingly the nose is an index of faculties that are found at the middle backhead; sides of the nostrils refer to the middle forehead; the upper cheek to the upper backhead; the lower cheek to the lower backhead; the jaw to the upper backhead, and the ends of the mouth to agree with the upper middle-head.

In Fig. 3 I have shown the convolutions of the brain properly divided off into counties, and in order to keep head and face well before the reader for corroboration, I have also shown a chart depicting the physiognomical cities and towns (Fig. 4).

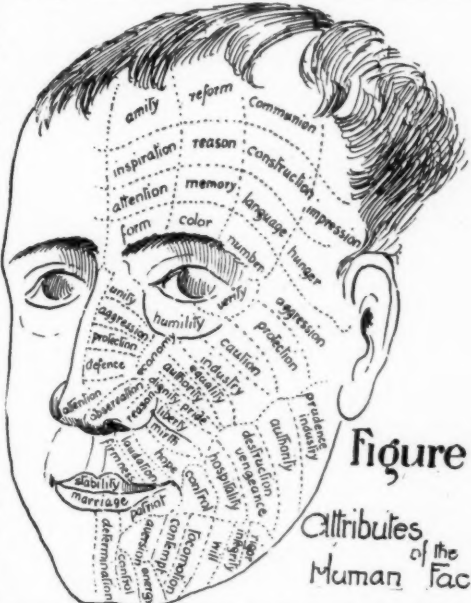
The nose being the most conspicuous feature, and one impossible to conceal by curled or frizzled hair, whiskers or other disguise, merits special study, and a few additional diagrams may aid in a more thorough grasping of details. Fig.

5 shows, at A, a nose that denotes a very large general development of defense, with subdivision 1 indicating that the person so "nosed" is, in all other matters than physical and financial, strongly aggressive, and will seek at all times and places to enforce his opinions; 2 shows that the possessor of such development will constantly seek to protect himself and his family in all financial matters. B shows the nose of a person of an entirely different temperament, such a one as would stand very much affront; as would, in fact, "turn the other cheek" to the aggressor, and lacks all the qualities of protection and defense (note the bunch on the end of the nose, the seat of "attention"). C shows one more—its possessor has some aggressiveness, but no self-defense, and needs some one to urge him on in the world.

Comparison of subjects should be the second step the student of character takes after he has fairly mastered the theory of location of the faculties. A person very large in amity, reform and inspiration, but small in color and form, is not one over-endowed with appreciation of matters artistic, yet is full of noble ideals, inspired, a stanch friend, a moral man, naturally graceful, probably an elocutionist and one who aims at high development—in fact, one of nature's noblemen. One, on the contrary, small in the first three attributes, but large at color and form, possesses none of our first subject's virtues; is a rather gross nature, a clever draftsman and takes naturally to art, but whose pictures will lack all ideality—simply reproductions of what he actually sees; is endowed with a splendid memory, but is a poor friend. A person large at communion and invention, medium language and small at number, is a good conversationalist, a mirthful fellow and genial, inventive, and to whom mechanical laws and contrivances are as an open book; his power of expression, vocabulary and ability to learn foreign tongues are limited, and he is absolutely useless in mental arithmetic.

After drilling himself into a habit of

finding the faculties in a subject, the student should begin to weigh their influences one upon another. Supposing a person to have a weak chin and an aggressive, masterful nose, for instance—direct contradictions one of the other—that person is probably vacillating, determined at times for awhile, then pitifully weak at others and easily led by any one. You never know just how to take him. If the nose is far more aggressive than the chin is weak, then he is moderately aggressive always, or of about the disposition one would be in whom both fea-



tures were moderately developed, but his aggressiveness would be ineffectual.

Still, I think that where direct contradictions exist in marked degree there is more apt to be vacillation from one extreme to the other than simply a modification of either by the other.

The faculties, under their various headings or groups, can best be defined as follows:

Form stands for a good memory of shapes, locality, adaptability to mechanical matters, and is a faculty always largely developed in the geographer, zoölogist, botanist and the architect; it is also found in the engraver, explorer, photographer,

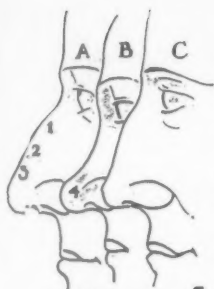


Figure 5.

largely developed and it is usually accompanied by a desire for order and system in work. Number is a faculty that allows one to calculate without pencil and paper; mental arithmetic and the mathematical branches are most benefited by it.

The retentive faculties consist of attention, that makes one wide-awake, alert, not easily distracted, good in literary occupations and in arranging things in scene-like order in one's mind; memory for facts, time, places, dates and systems. Language is the power of expression, written or verbal, noticing clearly syllabic sound. A person so marked is prone to use correct grammatical expressions with but slight instruction. Language is also found in the musician's make-up. It is frequently and perhaps more correctly called the faculty of sound or tune.

The reflective faculties are inspiration; it leads to æsthetics, symbolism and an artistic treatment of every-day matters. It is found in the artist, ethicist, pathologist, romanticist, musician, poet, etc.; renders one subject to romantic and sensitive impulses; rather unfits one for practical life; is repulsed by gross natures, and is in harmony with the sublime, rather than with the common, and impels one to keep in the front rank of intellectual advancement. Reason, a bump that belongs to the analyst, logician, naturalist, the physician and all who have to work out or "think out" matters. Invention or construction is a faculty that gives one an intuitive sense of the right application of mechanics. With it one is not bound by precedent or rule, but will start to work out matters on an independent line, probably an original one.

The receptive faculties are amity, re-

conveyancer and expert in the various building trades. Color is a faculty that allows one the power of proper and exact appreciation of colors, their combinations, contrasts and harmonies. It is essential to the botanist, decorator, painter, penman, engraver, etc. Sight is clearness of perception of visible matter; the born mariner has it very

form, communion. Amity is rather a mixed-up faculty and does several things for its owner. It not only makes of him a good, a staunch friend, particularly in intellectual intimacy, but gives him natural grace and ease, a high sense of morality, and is also liable to make an elocutionist of him. Reform, when largely developed, is bound to make one occupy a useful and profitable place in society; gives one an exalted sense of the value of life and its progressive elements, and spurs one on to a higher development; makes him a teacher by word and precept, and allows him to readily adapt himself to circumstances. Communion is a social faculty and makes a jolly good fellow of its owner. He is a good conversationalist and entertainer, a mimic, truthful, elegant of habit and gesture, and earnest in manner, clear in description, forms deep friendships and keeps them by his genial manners.

The affections consist of religion, sexation, parenten and sensation. Religion is subdivided again into faith—a something that clamors within for some form of worship; causes one to revere age and care for the unprotected, to be chivalrous. Love is philanthropy, a discipline of self, a deep interest in the welfare of friends, leads one to disinterested acts, and makes one miserable to see or think of the misfortunes of others. Hope is high aspiration, tender emotions in religion and a constant desire to spread your opinions of a better life.

The faculties of sexation are devotion, an ecstatic feeling towards—yes, an almost worship of—the other sex. If so endowed you are an ardent lover, you mix romantic love with enduring constancy, and give as well as receive much happiness from your companion in life. Heredity demands an expression of affection; is liable to keep one in love all the time, and renders him intense in conjugal love. The children of one in whom heredity is well developed will resemble him or her in feature and temperament, unless the party of the second part is of a remarkably strong character, in which event the children may resemble the latter, but will be intensely devoted to the former. Caressing needs no explanation; it makes one capable of great passion in love and is not sensitive to rebuffs.

Parention makes one provide bountifully for one's children; rule them by reason alone, and be a companion to them; you easily gain the little ones' love and confidence; reverence for parents and superiors, deference and loyalty to them, an appreciation of their efforts for you, an interest in the surroundings of your youth and your family history, which leads to patriotism (the cousin-germane of reverence), which is an intense love of home and country, a romantic attachment to and sympathy with the country's usages, manners and people.

Sensation is first of all impression, an appreciation of odors and flavors. If you have it you easily grow into sympathy with all things; animals will love and fawn upon you; you have great power in controlling your forces, and in noticing and unconsciously measuring their nerve forces. Feeling is the second faculty of sensation, and is sensitive to heat and cold; the touch is exceedingly sensitive, keen, acute and accurate, and one is a good judge of weight and quantity or quality: is a lover of bathing, and is fond of making his or her toilet, though not foppish. Such a person should be excessively careful in his dress, as he is particularly susceptible to climatic changes. Appetite is the last of the faculties of sensation. It is a supreme case of hunger, when the body needs food; with it you digest well and make the most of a little food; your sense of taste is acute, and you are liable to be fond of stimulating drinks, and should therefore hold this faculty under the most perfect control, otherwise it is exceedingly liable to control you.

The next grand division is that of the faculties of the will, and they are dignity, stability and laudation. Dignity leads to great conservatism, a fear of stooping to ordinary life. Assuming that you possess it in a largely-developed state, you place a high estimate on your capacity; when you have a little power you act as dictator and enforce your wishes with the utmost severity. Stability is that which, when your opinions are once formed, makes you adamant to opposition or entreaty, and have great physical and mental energy. Laudation makes you addicted to self-praise and the love of hearing yourself extolled, but you

are also liable to give due credit to others. If you have dignity, too, with this last, you are pompous, an egotist and most boastful.

Then comes coercion, or force, which is divided into integrity, industry and liberty. Integrity is an intense desire to be just and honorable. Industry makes you a worker and you have great hardihood and boldness. Liberty gives you a strong sense of freedom, rebels under restraint and allows others the same rights that it clamors for; when allied to defense it is liable to make a socialist or a reformer of you.

The faculties of the defension group are economy, caution and defense. Economy is something that impels one to be saving and an accumulator of wealth; unless it is counterbalanced by some strains of liberality it is liable to make one miserly and selfish. Absence of the slightest indication of the faculty denotes the wild speculator, a gambler and a prodigal. Caution is another defensive faculty. It is cunning and seldom allows its possessor to commit himself; one tells but little of his plans, hopes and aspirations; is constantly on the alert for danger and fears when there is no need of it, but suffers defeat or pain without a word. Its absence denotes a fearless person. Defense is apt to make one resort to physical persuasion under but slight provocation. You are a good provider for your family and will use every financial advantage you can get to that end; you are quite earnest in tearing down others' plans and schemes you do not approve of; and you like to succeed for purely the pleasure of gaining your point.

Impulsion consists of the three faculties of aversion, destruction and mobility. The first denotes a strong, resolute disposition, with a tendency to push things along regardless of effect upon others. You are morose and sour and have no friends. Destruction is a desire to get rid of obstructions in a peremptory manner. It is exceedingly quick to resent anything like personal injury by inflicting a hundred times more severe injury. When aroused—if you possess it in a marked degree—you are disposed to annihilate everyone and everything, and you bear ill-will for a very long time; you can stand very much pain, and the sight of

suffering in others does not affect you; you have no sentiment in business; are revengeful, and if in authority, you are apt to inflict terrible punishments for slight offenses. Mobility adapts one to great endurance, and if its possessor has a strong constitution and is muscular, he is well fitted to travel, stand hardships, climatic and other changes; he is apt, however, to be stronger in mental than physical labor, and is disposed to mechanical occupations that require movement.

Let us now take one subject at random to illustrate how very much one faculty will affect the others. Supposing our subject has, for instance, large inspiration and reason, medium amity, no faith, large heredity, large appetite, medium laudation, large integrity, some caution, little defense, no destruction and some mobility—being large of heredity and appetite would tend to make him gross, much swayed by animal instincts; but then inspiration would do battle with these grosser faculties, and although he might be at times almost brutish—for he has not even the ordinary fear of punishment hereafter that religion or faith inspires—yet at other times he might have higher promptings, despise himself for having yielded to these instincts; but he would fall again and again were it not for reason, which comes to the rescue, along with caution and amity and integrity. The first two would make him hesitate and consider before being led away by the grosser passions, and the last two would effectually keep him from doing anything that might wrong another. Altogether these two faculties of heredity and appetite would be constantly held in check, be dominated and controlled, so that we need not fear but that, in spite of his animal instincts, our subject would lead a moral and temperate life. He would like to travel, but his travels would be productive of good to him, not merely a tramp; he would not be aggressive, therefore rather easy to live with; inclined to be boastful were it not for integrity, that keeps him to the truth, and caution, that prompts him to say little. Yet laudation will carry the day, and he will be inclined to strut around with a self-satisfied air. He will be a fairly good friend to you; irreligious, but will not inflict his opinions upon you nor insist upon your believing

or disbelieving as he does. If we had not been so hard upon him at first, and had allowed him some few intellectual faculties, he would make, I should say, a pretty good ruler or presiding officer.

The hand is a most interesting study and a great tell-tale, for you cannot very well mask its true form. Although it, as well as the face, is but a tally, a corroboration of the head's evidence, still, for the very reason that it often is the only undisguised evidence we have, we must sometimes be content with its unsupported testimony for casual impressions of a subject. You will observe that an elegant or dainty hand is a sign of good breeding and refined tastes—long tapering fingers belong to the artist, be he painter, musician or sculptor; a hand an inch and a half, or more, in thickness at the base of the thumb belongs to a powerful man physically, an athlete; square-ended, bumpy fingers to the mechanically inclined; thick through the middle of the palm and forming little hills and valleys is the hand of the lover, the passionate person, of course; the flat, undimpled hand is that of the passionless, chilly one.

The hand and fingers are full of bumps and depressions, the same as the head is, and it is by a careful study of these, the comparisons of thousands of hands, that a system or plan of character-reading has been arrived at. By the same process of reasoning and of comparison it has been found that the different fingers are indices of different groups of faculties; the thumb and second finger, for instance, represent the same group as the back of the head and the nose do—the will; the forefinger represents the intellectual group, as does the forehead; the third and fourth fingers refer to the middle and lower backhead—coaction, defension and impulsion; the palm of the hand is indicative of the affections, or, to be more exact, study the diagram (Fig. 6) and note that a fullness at 1 in the thumb denotes the possession of will; a thumb that is flat there, of course, denotes the absence of that quality; fullness or a "bump" at 2 makes one a good executive; at 3, a lover of justice; 4, industrious; 5, at the base of the thumb, just inside the palm, and again 5, at the second joint of the third finger, denotes wealth—that is, that one is en-

dowed with the acquiring, holding-on faculties that economize and so handle money that sooner or later he will have to pay a large amount in taxes—unless he lacks integrity, in which event he will be sure to make himself out a poor man to the assessor. The forefinger's bump, at 6, denotes detail, a desire to get all the facts in the case; 7 is perception—that is, form, color and sight—it marks the artist; 8 is letters—memory, sound and attention; 9 is system in all things, and 10 is order in work; 11 says that that hand belongs to a highly intellectual man, one endowed with pretty nearly all the faculties of the forehead; 12, at the tip of the second finger, is exactness, precision; 13, integrity; 14, unity or amity, friendship; so is 15, which denotes association, a companionable person. The third finger's bumps are: 16, ambition; 17, display; 18, skill; 19, business ability (5, wealth); 20, mobility, travel. The little finger has: 21, versatility; 22, frankness; 23, external-ity, a love of presenting a good appearance personally; 24, pride. The palm of the hand, if full and thick, bunched up as it were, at 25 denotes the possession of great mental powers, a love for the sciences—in fact, the forefinger, right down to the inside of the thumb, is the index to the intellect; 26 is the beginning of the affections and denotes heart, tenderness, love; 27 is heredity, sex love; 28, devotion, family affections, patriotism; 29 is taste, feeling, hunger, etc.; 30, courage; 31, periodicity, regularity in animal life; 32, sentiment; 33, imagination; 34, vitality, health, an enjoyment of life; 35, reserve, power; 36, motive-power, strength, action, a tendency to "go."

Now, of course, these developments or bumps in the palm of the hand form little hills and, naturally, valleys between. These depressions are more or less clear and well-defined lines, and it is by these that one judges of the degree of development or strength of the faculties, although the real palmist reads not only what you are but what you've done, what has happened to you and what will happen to you, and what you'll think about it. I have shown and named the line on the accompanying diagram. Note that the line of life is scaled off 40, 50, 60, 70, etc., these figures indicate man's age;

if there is a breaking off or termination of this line before reaching any one of these figures, that will indicate the time of your shuffling off this coil. If the line is broken or branches off once, or a number of times, at different periods, why, at those ages you will be told by the prophets you have been or will be seriously sick or meet with a terrible accident. But then if the line continues on again it will be all right and you'll get over it and live until the line ter-

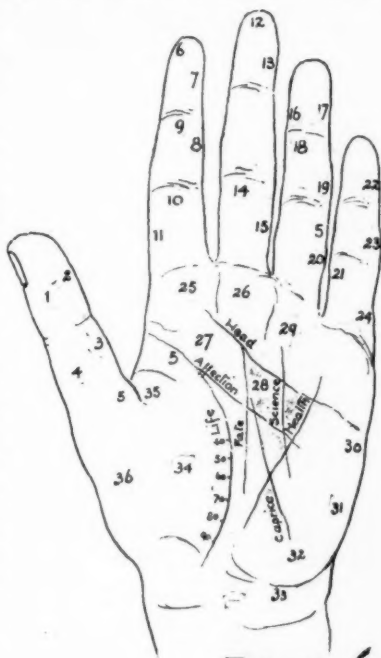
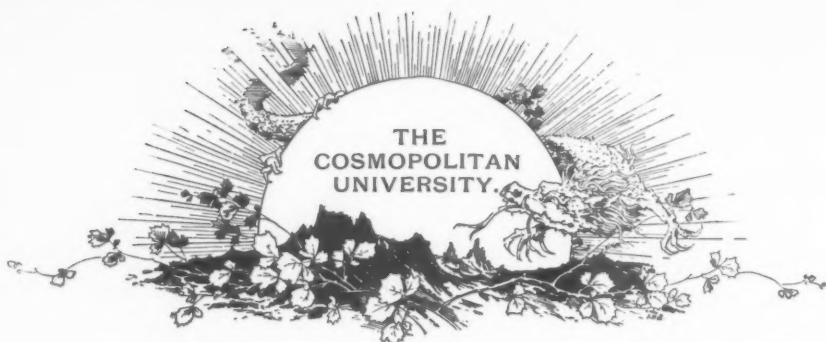


Figure 6.

The Hand

minates. By the line of affection these prophets can tell you all about the little love affairs you have had and will have; and by the line of fate and fortune whether you will ever be rich or not, and if you are intended for hanging or other fateful ending, and so on. Rest assured that there will be an answer to every question you may propound; but this is a phase of palmistry so much beyond me that my bump of incredulity cannot understand and therefore rejects.



THE task of directing the educational work, undertaken by THE COSMOPOLITAN, has been accepted by Dr. Eliphalet Nott Potter, thus happily leaving the least possible gap between the announcement of President Andrews' desire to continue in the presidency of Brown, his release from the Cosmopolitan University, and the securing of a suitable successor.

The long experience and distinguished services of President Potter in the cause of education justify the strongest hope of wise and enlightened administration. Doctor Potter is the son of the late Bishop Alonzo Potter and the grandson of Dr. Eliphalet Nott. He began his educational work as Secretary of the Faculty and Professor of Ethics at Lehigh University at the time when the organization of that institution was being originated. His experience covers nearly twelve years as President of Hobart and thirteen years as President of Union College. He takes the broadest views of the educational problem, and will bring to his work not only ripe scholarship, but a strong enthusiasm and belief in the possibilities of widely extending existing educational facilities. The work of organization will now go forward with the least possible delay.

* * * * *

The names of nine thousand four hundred and ninety-one students were on the roll of applicants for admission to the Cosmopolitan's courses on the first day of October, two months after the first announcement. This fact establishes the accuracy of the reasoning regarding the gap in existing facilities and the necessity for such an institution. The promise is that it will be truly a "university" from which, according to the best definition, men and women draw instruction in all kinds of useful knowledge.

* * * * *

There has been some cavil at the use of the word university for THE COSMOPOLITAN'S work; but those who have written in this spirit seem to have regard rather for their own, present-day application of the term; and not that broader significance which is assigned by the best authorities. Johnson described it as a school "where all arts and faculties were

taught." Newman in his "Idea of a University" says: "Certainly the very name of university is inconsistent with restrictions of any kind. Whatever was the original reason of the adoption of that term, which is unknown, I am only putting on it its popular, its recognized sense, when I say that a university should teach universal knowledge. That there is a real necessity for this universal teaching, in the highest schools of intellect, I will show." Further on he quotes the Edinburgh reviewers as defining the word "university" to mean an institution "teaching every science which is liberal and at the same time useful to mankind"—a definition which, if strictly followed, would exclude many existing universities. The only word which the dictionary offers, has been used, and it accurately describes the work to be undertaken. If the officials of any state have sought to put a restricted meaning upon the term, it must be regarded as their misfortune. The excellent results of education by correspondence from great centers like London, England, and points in this country, are favorably and widely known.

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| Engineers, | 48 |
| Farmers, | 115 |
| Teachers, | 256 |
| Business men, | 795 |
| Clerks, | 471 |
| Students at law and high schools, | 68 |
| Mechanics, | 298 |
| Dentists, | 8 |
| Laborers, | 13 |
| Wives and daughters at home, | 175 |
| Lawyers, | 95 |
| Total, | 2,503 |

The letters of these applicants, in response to the request to state: 1, Name; 2, Position in life; 3, Previous education; 4, Courses of study desired; 5, Purposes for which education is desired, show as follows:

Of the ministers applying, no less than twenty-nine already hold the degree of D. D., and fifty-one are college graduates.

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Of the teachers, two hundred and fifty-six are college graduates and one hundred and fifty high school graduates.

Of the two hundred and ninety-eight mechanics, eighteen are college graduates and ninety-five high school graduates.

Of the clerks, forty-five are college graduates, ninety-four high school graduates and one hundred and eighty-one common school graduates.

Of the one hundred and seventy-five wives and young women, twenty-six are college graduates and eighty-two high school graduates.

Of the one hundred and fifteen farmers, thirteen are college graduates, thirty-five high school graduates.

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Among the many letters received from those who take an interest in the educational problem, is the following from the well-known litterateur :

You must give me a moment while I tell you of my perfect sympathy with your university. The thought is a great one ; it is heavy with good. Indeed the time has come for a wider, a deeper, a truer education, based upon human need, rather than upon arbitrary precedent. I reach a hand to you with the sincerest God-speed.

In America your idea seems to me beautifully and practically fit. It blends perfectly with the spirit of our institutions and appeals to what is best in our people. I am sure that every independent scholar, who thinks more of wisdom than of cut-and-dried formulæ, will be glad of your move. "Education" ought to be a very flexible word and a very flexible thing, bending to suit the special exigency of each person's life.

The proletariat needs to be taught how to make life worth living well, how to control itself and how to do its work and get value for it. If we could but liberate and sweeten and strengthen the life and character of the workers, the rest of the world would easily take care of itself.

Here in America especially, true education, entirely unhampered by academical cast-iron antiquities, is the basis of every well-founded hope. We have freedom in nearly everything save education. There the old tyranny of precedent yet rules supreme.

With every sincere wish for your success, yours very truly,

August 30, 1897.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FAME'S RECOGNITION.

BY SAMUEL FREEDMAN.

"CLOSE up the office ; it's time to go home," said Fame one night to her servant Notoriety, as the clock struck six.

There was then heard the grating of shutters, the clanging of the big front gate, and Fame settled herself in her office chair to balance accounts for the day.

For years these two spinsters had conducted a business that was as remarkable as it was extensive. Their enterprise was phenomenal. Their business consisted in purchasing, for no especial purpose, articles of all descriptions which, womanlike, they did not need at all themselves.

Sometimes it was a play ; sometimes a

book, a picture, an engine of war, a poem, a song—in fact, you cannot conceive the peculiar things that were so proudly bought and then cast into the back shop and very often forgotten.

And the great prices paid—sometimes much greater than the wares were worth—attracted universal and sensational attention. From all parts of the world, from all climes and stations, merchants brought to this twain things curious past all description.

There came weavers from India, merchants from China, shag-haired poets with long rolls of rhyme, wild-haired historians mumbling over lines, and inventors with new works of astonishment.

And so because of this popularity the

counting house of Misses Fame and Notoriety was crowded morning and night. Early in the dawn, without the gates, before opening time, was assembled a huddled, seething mass of humanity which, with a steady flow, would jam past the desk of Fame, pushing, trampling and confusing, one after the other, each eager to catch the eye and ear of the implacable woman behind the counter, while she, looking on at the terrible crush and maze of excitement, would select wares that might strike her as favorable for that particular moment.

On the night in question, after Notoriety had closed the shutters, and while Fame was placing the finishing touches upon her ledger, she was startled by hearing a little apologetic cough at her elbow. Turning she saw a very little man in a very shrinking and scared position, looking for all the world as though he would rather have taken to his heels than be there.

Fame, in surprise, asked him his business at that hour.

"You see," said the little man, with an apologetic cough—"you see I have been trying to catch your eye for many and many days. Believe me, early in the morning, before the gates were opened, I stood without and tried to push ahead in the crowd to talk with you.

"But I always got pushed behind and the crowd surged over me, and so I have never been able in all the years I have come here to get near enough to you to let you know what I had. So I took this very unusual method of trying to see you.

"For you see again," said the little man, with another apologetic little cough—"you see I am getting old—quite old now, watching and waiting here for you, and my hair—well—it is—ha-ha!—as you can see, getting quite gray—ah! believe me it was raven-black when I first came here, and I am feeling feeble now—when I first came here I was very strong—and I thought I would see you before—well, before it was quite too late," and the little man gave a feeble little laugh and a very dry cough.

Hearing this, Notoriety left off tying a bunch of scandals which she had recently purchased long enough to emit a loud laugh of scorn and to say:

"The chump! Bet if I had been in his place I would have been heard of before this."

"What have you got to dispose of?" asked Fame.

The little man drew forth a very worn and faded book and handed it tremblingly to Fame.

"I have been trying to have you read this for a good many years," he smirked, "but of course you have been too busy to look it through."

"Leave it with me and I will read it to-night—yes, I will make it a point to do so," said Fame. Then she took the little man's address, and he, in the excitement of his success, stumbled all over himself and nearly fell downstairs in confusion.

That night Fame read the story, and before she had fairly finished it she cried to Notoriety:

"Why, this is a splendid thing. Send for the little man, and I will buy the work at once."

Notoriety went out and soon returned.

"This is a great thing," said Fame, who in the mean time had finished the work. "I must see the little man. I will recognize him before everyone."

"I wouldn't disturb him," said Notoriety. "He's very happy as he is."

"Why, how's that?" asked Fame.

"Well, you see," said Notoriety, "he died a few minutes ago on the door-stoop, and the coroner said it was from old age waiting for you to recognize him."

"Mercy me!" said Fame.

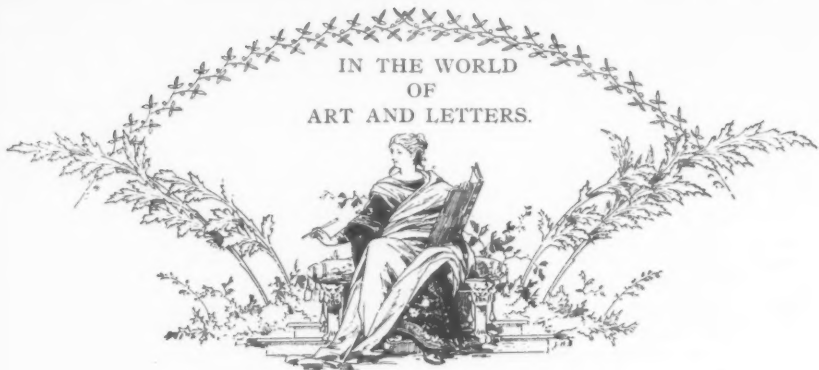
"Yes," said Notoriety. "He had worn a big place out of the front stoop waiting for you."

"Can that be so?" said Fame, again looking over the manuscript. "Why, this is the very best thing I have seen this year. Just have my name carved on his monument as his patron."

"There," said Fame as she pigeon-holed the article; "he can't say I didn't recognize him, but I suppose his family will be just ungrateful and thankless enough to regret that he wasn't alive to know."

"That's just the way with the people in this ungrateful world," chimed in Notoriety, pigeonholing a newly labeled batch of divorce and scandal papers. "They're never thankful for anything."

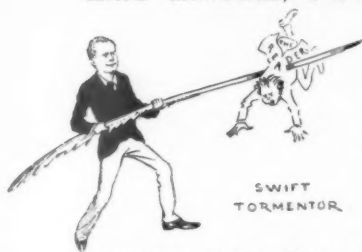
IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



THE Month in England.—"The Christian" of Mr. Hall Caine

is the book of the month and there is no escaping it. Not peace but a sword has "The Christian" brought into the world, and the papers bristle with controversy. Apart from the literary aspect of the book, the veracity or unverity of the details ruffles the unliterary. The lettered are equally at issue. "The Christian" has been thrown to the young lions of the "Saturday Review," but that was inevitable. Young lions are mainly concerned to hear themselves roar and show their pretty little claws. An unfortunate interview, in which Mr. Caine said the book was the masterpiece of his life, has provoked other detractors. The nurses are up in arms because there is a nurse in the book who is seduced by a lord. There is another nurse in the book—in fact the heroine herself—a glorious womanly creature beloved by all the patients. But the nurses will have none of her. It is the other—the wicked nurse—that they insist is meant for them. Comical controversy that never ceases in the literary world! Every class is so perfect that one cannot deal with a faulty specimen of any without bringing down thunders. For my part I believe that some nurses are no better than they should be, and if doctors and nurses enliven their drearish calling with a little flirtation, why so much the merrier. All these things are beside the mark, and I am not even sure that one should take notice of Mr. Caine's own criticisms. He has tried to depict "the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose," which he thinks he sees around him in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century. But if this means *all* the types or even the *typical* types, then his work is singularly inexhaustive. For there is not even a hint of the real movement of modern thought and culture. There is only one person—Drake, the most natural character in the book—who faintly suggests possibilities of good outside the ultra-conventional beliefs. Mr. Caine's theory of fiction is, he says, "to present a thought in the form of a story with as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit." Dubious as this theory is, as a generalized expression, yet one single piece of good art might have been produced by a consistent application of it. But





Mr. Hall Caine has laid on his realism in dabs here and in the airiest of streaks there. Side by side with a "Derby Day," as real as any in the late Sir Augustus Harris' melodramas, is a shadow-picture of a Prime Minister, uncle of John Storm. But as the list of English Prime Ministers is a fixed quantity, this upstart cannot convince us of his existence. The illusion of life-likeness is lost from the beginning. The fantastic mottle of Mr. Caine's latest manner comes out most glaringly in the calm statement: "Six months passed and a panic terror had seized London." But this mixture of methods is high art beside the mixture of themes. There are three themes in "The Christian," but they do not make one. There is first of all—and this is perhaps what the title means—an audacious attempt

to portray a modern Christ. There is, secondly, an impassioned love duet, conveying at once the strife between asceticism and the flesh, and the contest of male saint with lovable human woman. Finally, we have the realistic pageant of London. Of the first of these themes Mr. Caine has made a failure, and even if it had been successfully handled, it would have been stultified by the second. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who long ago dealt brilliantly with this very subject—in "Joshua Davidson"—did not imperil its sublime unity by a strong love drama. The third theme is treated powerfully and unflinchingly, though George Gissing and George Moore occupied these stony fields years ago, while Mr. Caine was reveling in wild Manx romance. It is no small feather in his cap that he should be able now to turn with such masterly pen to the sordid prose of real life, but if he had done only this, he would be only a disciple. It is in the second theme that he shows his full strength. It is in the relation of John Storm, first of all to himself and secondly to Glory, that the main value of the book lies, and had Hall Caine limited himself to this love-story of saint and actress, of self-torturing fanatic and brave girl full of the joy of life, he would have produced a vivid and enduring art impression instead of this grotesque blur. Fiction has few scenes more impressive than those between John Storm and brother Paul, or that in which John Storm is resolved to kill Glory's body for the sake of her soul. Do you not see already how impossible it is to continue running such a would-be murderer as a sort of modern Christ? Yet Mr. Caine imperturbably goes on with theme number one, even after his hero has abandoned himself to his fleshly passion for Glory. Aye, he goes on with it to the bitter end, when John Storm, who has broken sacred vows and resolutions all through the book, has the impudence to ask: "Father, why hast Thou forgotten me?" The attempt to parallel in modern London the life of Christ in ancient Palestine is a terrible strain throughout, and leads Mr. Caine into ludicrous improbabilities. The odds are that a true Christian would be universally revered nowadays. In darkest Russia itself Tolstoi cannot attract persecution. And I deny that even Father Storm—the nephew of the Prime Minister to boot—would have been arrested in England on such vague grounds, still less that he would have been unable to find a lodging in London—again an obvious parallelism with the Christ narration. A man with plenty of money in his pocket not find any one to lodge him! But this childish parallelism reaches its climax in the effort to make a crown of thorns appear on the dying martyr's head by reflection from a picture! And as part of the attempt to treat discordant themes in the same breath, goes an artificial synchronization and theatrical irony of events. Things are always happening simultaneously, and unlikely people are always meeting. (In one case Charlie Wilkes who is disposed of by arrest on page 313 turns up in the uniform of a soldier on page 332.) A crucial chapter where the two themes meet illustrates their mutual destructiveness. London believes that





turned and the skeleton of a horse picked clean. I puzzled over this for a time, and then went on to the bridge over the Serpentine. The voice grew stronger and stronger, though I could see nothing above the housetops on the north side of the park, save a haze of smoke to the northwest.

"Ulla, ulla, ulla, ulla," cried the voice, coming, as it seemed to me, from somewhere beyond Baker Street. The desolating cry worked upon my mind. The mood that had sustained me passed. The wailing took possession of me. I found I was intensely weary, footsore, and now again hungry and thirsty. It was already past noon. Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alone when all London was lying in state

*Drawn by
Warwick Goble.*

THE HANDLING MACHINE.

and in its black shroud? I was intolerably lonely. My mind ran on old friends that I had forgotten for years. I thought of the poisons in the chemists' shops, of the liquors the wine merchants stored. I recalled the two sodden creatures of despair who, so far as I knew, shared the city with myself. We were the last of men.

(To be continued.)



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"CLOSE up the office; it's time to go home," said Fame one night to her servant Notoriety, as the clock struck six.

There was then heard the grating of shutters, the clanging of the big front gate, and Fame settled herself in her office chair to balance accounts for the day.

For years these two spinsters had conducted a business that was as remarkable as it was extensive. Their enterprise was phenomenal. Their business consisted in purchasing, for no especial purpose, articles of all descriptions which, womanlike, they did not need at all themselves.

Sometimes it was a play; sometimes a

book, a picture, an engine of war, a poem, a song—in fact, you cannot conceive the peculiar things that were so proudly bought and then cast into the back shop and very often forgotten.

And the great prices paid—sometimes much greater than the wares were worth—attracted universal and sensational attention. From all parts of the world, from all climes and stations, merchants brought to this twain things curious past all description.

There came weavers from India, merchants from China, shag-haired poets with long rolls of rhyme, wild-haired historians numbling over lines, and inventors with new works of astonishment.

And so because of this popularity the

counting house of Misses Fame and Notoriety was crowded morning and night. Early in the dawn, without the gates, before opening time, was assembled a huddled, seething mass of humanity which, with a steady flow, would jam past the desk of Fame, pushing, trampling and confusing, one after the other, each eager to catch the eye and ear of the implacable woman behind the counter, while she, looking on at the terrible crush and maze of excitement, would select wares that might strike her as favorable for that particular moment.

On the night in question, after Notoriety had closed the shutters, and while Fame was placing the finishing touches upon her ledger, she was startled by hearing a little apologetic cough at her elbow. Turning she saw a very little man in a very shrinking and scared position, looking for all the world as though he would rather have taken to his heels than be there.

Fame, in surprise, asked him his business at that hour.

"You see," said the little man, with an apologetic cough—"you see I have been trying to catch your eye for many and many days. Believe me, early in the morning, before the gates were opened, I stood without and tried to push ahead in the crowd to talk with you.

"But I always got pushed behind and the crowd surged over me, and so I have never been able in all the years I have come here to get near enough to you to let you know what I had. So I took this very unusual method of trying to see you.

"For you see again," said the little man, with another apologetic little cough—"you see I am getting old—quite old now, watching and waiting here for you, and my hair—well—it is—ha-ha!—as you can see, getting quite gray—ah! believe me it was raven-black when I first came here, and I am feeling feeble now—when I first came here I was very strong—and I thought I would see you before—well, before it was quite too late," and the little man gave a feeble little laugh and a very dry cough.

Hearing this, Notoriety left off tying a bunch of scandals which she had recently purchased long enough to emit a loud laugh of scorn and to say:

"The chump! Bet if I had been in his place I would have been heard of before this."

"What have you got to dispose of?" asked Fame.

The little man drew forth a very worn and faded book and handed it tremblingly to Fame.

"I have been trying to have you read this for a good many years," he smirked, "but of course you have been too busy to look it through."

"Leave it with me and I will read it to-night—yes, I will make it a point to do so," said Fame. Then she took the little man's address, and he, in the excitement of his success, stumbled all over himself and nearly fell downstairs in confusion.

That night Fame read the story, and before she had fairly finished it she cried to Notoriety:

"Why, this is a splendid thing. Send for the little man, and I will buy the work at once."

Notoriety went out and soon returned.

"This is a great thing," said Fame, who in the mean time had finished the work. "I must see the little man. I will recognize him before everyone."

"I wouldn't disturb him," said Notoriety. "He's very happy as he is."

"Why, how's that?" asked Fame.

"Well, you see," said Notoriety, "he died a few minutes ago on the door-stoop, and the coroner said it was from old age waiting for you to recognize him."

"Mercy me!" said Fame.

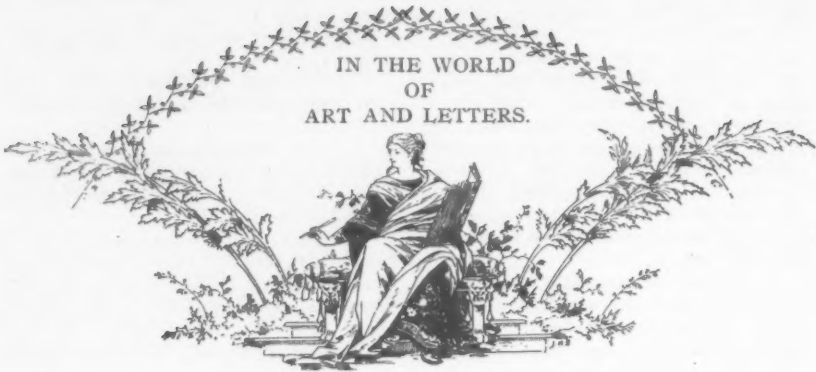
"Yes," said Notoriety. "He had worn a big place out of the front stoop waiting for you."

"Can that be so?" said Fame, again looking over the manuscript. "Why, this is the very best thing I have seen this year. Just have my name carved on his monument as his patron."

"There," said Fame as she pigeonholed the article; "he can't say I didn't recognize him, but I suppose his family will be just ungrateful and thankless enough to regret that he wasn't alive to know."

"That's just the way with the people in this ungrateful world," chimed in Notoriety, pigeonholing a newly labeled batch of divorce and scandal papers. "They're never thankful for anything."

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.

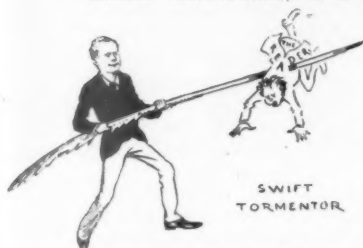


THE Month in England.—"The Christian" of Mr. Hall Caine

is the book of the month and there is no escaping it. Not peace but a sword has "The Christian" brought into the world, and the papers bristle with controversy. Apart from the literary aspect of the book, the veracity or unverity of the details ruffles the unlettered. The lettered are equally at issue. "The Christian" has been thrown to the young lions of the "Saturday Review," but that was inevitable. Young lions are mainly concerned to hear themselves roar and show their pretty little claws. An unfortunate interview, in which Mr. Caine said the book was the masterpiece of his life, has provoked other detractors. The nurses are up in arms because there is a nurse in the book who is seduced by a lord. There is another nurse in the book—in fact the heroine herself—a glorious womanly creature beloved by all the patients. But the nurses will have none of her. It is the other—the wicked nurse—that they insist is meant for them. Comical controversy that never ceases in the literary world! Every class is so perfect that one cannot deal with a faulty specimen of any without bringing down thunders. For my part I believe that some nurses are no better than they should be, and if doctors and nurses enliven their drearissime calling with a little flirtation, why so much the merrier. All these things are beside the mark, and I am not even sure that one should take notice of Mr. Caine's own criticisms. He has tried to depict "the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose," which he thinks he sees around him in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century. But if this means *all* the types or even the *typical* types, then his work is singularly inexhaustive. For there is not even a hint of the real movement of modern thought and culture. There is only one person—Drake, the most natural character in the book—who faintly suggests possibilities of good outside the ultra-conventional beliefs. Mr. Caine's theory of fiction is, he says, "to present a thought in the form of a story with as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit." Dubious as this theory is, as a generalized expression, yet one single piece of good art might have been produced by a consistent application of it. But



Mr. Hall Caine has laid on his realism in dabs here and in the airiest of streaks there. Side by side with a "Derby Day," as real as any in the late Sir Augustus Harris' melodramas, is a shadow-picture of a Prime Minister, uncle of John Storm.



But as the list of English Prime Ministers is a fixed quantity, this upstart cannot convince us of his existence. The illusion of life-likeness is lost from the beginning. The fantastic mottle of Mr. Caine's latest manner comes out most glaringly in the calm statement: "Six months passed and a panic terror had seized London." But this mixture of methods is high art beside the mixture of themes. There are three themes in "The Christian," but they do not make one. There is first of all—and this is perhaps what the title means—an audacious attempt

to portray a modern Christ. There is, secondly, an impassioned love duet, conveying at once the strife between asceticism and the flesh, and the contest of male saint with lovable human woman. Finally, we have the realistic pageant of London. Of the first of these themes Mr. Caine has made a failure, and even if it had been successfully handled, it would have been stultified by the second. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who long ago dealt brilliantly with this very subject—in "Joshua Davidson"—did not imperil its sublime unity by a strong love drama. The third theme is treated powerfully and unflinchingly, though George Gissing and George Moore occupied these stony fields years ago, while Mr. Caine was reveling in wild Manx romance. It is no small feather in his cap that he should be able now to turn with such masterly pen to the sordid prose of real life, but if he had done only this, he would be only a disciple. It is in the second theme that he shows his full strength. It is in the relation of John Storm, first of all to himself and secondly to Glory, that the main value of the book lies, and had Hall Caine limited himself to this love-story of saint and actress, of self-torturing fanatic and brave girl full of the joy of life, he would have produced a vivid and enduring art impression instead of this grotesque blur. Fiction has few scenes more impressive than those between John Storm and brother Paul, or that in which John Storm is resolved to kill Glory's body for the sake of her soul. Do you not see already how impossible it is to continue running such a would-be murderer as a sort of modern Christ? Yet Mr. Caine imperturbably goes on with theme number one, even after his hero has abandoned himself to his fleshly passion for Glory. Aye, he goes on with it to the bitter end, when John Storm, who has broken sacred vows and resolutions all through the book, has the impudence to ask: "Father, why hast Thou forgotten me?" The attempt to parallel in modern London the life of Christ in ancient Palestine is a terrible strain throughout, and leads Mr. Caine into ludicrous improbabilities. The odds are that a true Christian would be universally revered nowadays. In darkest Russia itself Tolstoi cannot attract persecution. And I deny that even Father Storm—the nephew of the Prime Minister to boot—would have been arrested in England on such vague grounds, still less that he would have been unable to find a lodging in London—again an obvious parallelism with the Christ narration. A man with plenty of money in his pocket not find any one to lodge him! But this childish parallelism reaches its climax in the effort to make a crown of thorns appear on the dying martyr's head by reflection from a picture! And as part of the attempt to treat discordant themes in the same breath, goes an artificial synchronization and theatrical irony of events. Things are always happening simultaneously, and unlikely people are always meeting. (In one case Charlie Wilkes who is disposed of by arrest on page 313 turns up in the uniform of a soldier on page 332.) A crucial chapter where the two themes meet illustrates their mutual destructiveness. London believes that





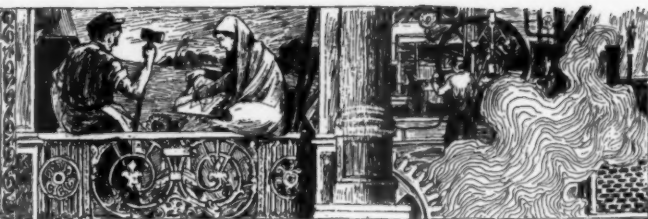
the end of the world will come on Derby Day and is in a panic accordingly. At the same time Mr. Caine wishes to give us a picture of the race-meeting, and it appears to be one of the most popular and crowded on record. One of the characters hotly defends John Storm against the charge of being a "degenerate"—"pigs and pigmies that we are" to call genius so! Yet surely in this creation of a homicidal megalomaniac Mr. Caine is playing into Nordau's hands. I shall not inquire whether John Storm's Christianity is possible in this world. In showing that the Christianity preached in the churches is only regarded as for Sunday use, Mr. Caine has an easy task, and Canon Wealthys we have always with us. There is too much insistence, though, on man's ill-treatment of woman. Woman is not always a pure victim of man, nor the only victim of the conflict of natural laws with an artificial civilization. And, moreover, Anti-Christ has many other citadels to be demolished. In the one instance in which Mr. Caine has departed from the Christ parallel, providing Father Storm with a bloodhound, he has been unfortunate, for, so far as I can make out, the dog is stolen. True, it breaks its chain and follows John Storm—for love of him—when he leaves the monastery, but he knew perfectly well to whom it belonged and should have taken it back. It is more refreshing to return to the real backbone of the book—to theme number two, weakened though it be by a sandwich method of construction and an epistolary autobiography not always couched in probable language—to enjoy the lively humor of Glory, as we follow her through the vivid record of her struggle for bread and fame. "A perfect bow of steel, quivering with simplicity and strength," Glory will slay her tens of thousands, and her fascinations will preserve a book otherwise too incoherent to live. On the whole, "The Christian" is not so artistic a success as "The Manxman," but it enhances one's conception of the writer's gifts and one's respect for his character.

While Mr. Caine has essayed a modern Christ, a younger and newer writer has tried his hand at a sort of modern Faust. The mere conception of Bristol, "The Tormentor," and of his relations to the two women with whose love he experiments confirms the impression of original talent which Mr. Benjamin Swift produced by his "Nancy Noon." If the second work shows improvement on the first, it is marred by the same bizarrerie. The influence of Meredith is still potent and "The Tormentor" is a more intellectualized "Egoist." The moral of the book seems to be the danger of the enfranchised intellect experimenting lawlessly with life. "The Tormentor" torments not only his loves, but odd men and women (whose secrets he tortures out) and finally himself. His face is "night mixed with dawn." "His head was rich and dark and his face seemed woven of pallor." These are striking phrases, and there are many such. One would please Hall Caine. It points out that the symbol of Christianity is also the sign of addition. Here is another: "Suicide is like a strange latch-key left hanging carelessly at death's old gate." The book has grip throughout, but the tragedy of its close has a flavor of nightmare. Benjamin Swift has a genius for the grotesque—of the grewsome rather than the genial order. Lord Sother is the one example of the genially grotesque. In the grewsome grotesque Miss Piking is an odiously successful creation. When his art is saner and his tragedy less "macabre" and more convincing, Benjamin Swift will be less tormenting to read. Here is a census I took of the ends of his *dramatis personæ* when the curtain fell: Suicide, one; seduced, two; murdered violently, two; murdered by slow poison, one; died, two; sent to penal servitude, one; failed in army examination and robbed of his love, one.

Fortunately a less original writer was at hand to take the taste of all this out of my mouth. If the "Poems" of Robert Loveman (which have reached me from the Lippincott Company) occasionally deviate into platitude, they are more often marked by delicacy of expression, restraint of handling and tenderness of thought, while their brevity would have pleased Poe. The sonnet commencing "Drunk with delight" ends too much like Keats' last sonnet "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

I. ZANGWILL.

THE
PROGRESS
OF
SCIENCE.



WATER-HYACINTH.—A plant hitherto of no special importance may all at once usurp attention. Such is the case with the water-hyacinth, *Eichhornia speciosa*, kunth. Introduced into Florida as an ornamental plant, it was grown on the St. John's River in front of various estates. Its curious foliage and pretty blue flowers commended it for cultivation. Nobody dreamed that it could ever become a nuisance; but in the introduction of any plant it is ever

well to look up its history. Even in Guiana, its native country, it has been known to be troublesome. So great an impediment to navigation has it now been for some years in Florida, that at last the national Government has been compelled to investigate with a view to its mitigation.

The plant is a very near relative of our blue-flowered pickerel-weed—so common on the borders of Northern streams. It is in appearance, however, very different. The inflated leafstalks, acting as floats, at once attract attention. These consist of light, spongy, cellular tissue; just above each expands a broad and glossy entire blade, ovate or nearly circular in outline. There are several flowers in each raceme. The plant, as a rule, swims free in the water, giving rise to abundant, purplish, feathery roots. It can be seen in the ponds of Central Park, New York, and other similar pleasure-grounds. From the pickerel-weed, aside from its peculiar habit, it differs in the paniced flower clusters, and in the equal development of all the cells of the many-ovuled ovary. Of the six stamens, the upper are included, while the three lower project.

Occasionally the plant abandons its floating habit and establishes itself in the mud of the shore. This increases its possibilities of evil. The plant has for the last few years become a serious menace to navigation, the extensive floating masses, many acres in extent, impeding the passage of steamboats and other vessels. Wheels and propeller flukes become hopelessly clogged and the boats brought suddenly to a standstill. It has been feared that unless some prompt remedy could be applied the St. John's and its tributaries would become unnavigable.

The United States Government appointed a commissioner or agent to investigate the plant, and if possible to suggest means for checking the evil. This gentleman, Mr. Herbert I. Webber, of the United States Department of Agriculture, says in his report that it is practically impossible to eradicate the plant, but advises keeping it in check by introduction of natural enemies, molds or insects, or by deflecting it from navigable currents by means of booms. He advises, also, the widening of certain bridge spans so that the tangle may be swept out to sea. Salt water is fatal to the plant, nor will it thrive where there is a tolerably rapid flow even. It never infests quick-flowing rivers.

Much is often accomplished against real evils by the means he suggests, viz., by employing a rogue to catch a rogue. Since Mr. Webber's report was issued the daily newspapers record that the scourge is being mitigated by means of spiders; that large tracts of the hyacinth appear as though scorched. Investigation shows numerous spiders upon the leaves. Are they not, perhaps, the effect rather than the cause? Is it not more likely that they are seeking the insect that itself eats the plant? We merely suggest this.

The choking of the Florida rivers by *Eichhornia* was paralleled some years ago in England by the rapid spread of the American *Anacharis* or *Elodea canadensis*. This is one of many plants known to us as "water-weed." Introduced into Great Britain as a curiosity, it escaped control and filled the canals and streams. As the botanist Babington was credited with its introduction, it was called "Babington's curse." Of late, for some unexplained reason, it is no longer troublesome. Nature always has in hand a system of checks, but is sometimes slow to employ them. The experimenter must be careful lest in his zeal he should apply a curative far worse than the original disease.

WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY.



RECENT Facts About Acetylene.—In the June and August numbers of this magazine for 1895 there were given such facts about acetylene as were well established and certain conclusions which seemed probable in regard to it. It is now possible to add considerable reliable data touching the properties of the gas and its uses as an illuminant.

The ease with which it can be liquefied and reconverted into a gas led at first to the conclusion that it might be conveniently kept in the liquid form and converted into gas as needed. Investigations since made by Berthelot prove that the liquid gas under pressure, as in tanks, is explosive. The explosion may be brought about by a spark or any sufficient elevation of temperature. The gas itself, under a pressure greater than about two atmospheres, is explosive in the same way. There have been a number of instances in which the substance, under the conditions just cited, has exploded, in several cases with terrific results. The explosions here referred to are independent of the presence of air, and are due to the endothermic nature of the gas. It is also established that at atmospheric pressure a mixture of three per cent. of acetylene gas with air is explosive, and such mixture continues explosive until the acetylene exceeds eighty-two per cent. of the mixture. The corresponding numbers for common coal-gas are eight and sixty-two per cent. On account of its explosive properties the use of acetylene has been prohibited in Germany. Acetylene is heavier than coal-gas, and would, when escaping by a leak, diffuse much less rapidly than common gas, and thus would sooner bring about an explosive mixture near the leak.

From some experimental results of Professor Jacobus, of Hoboken, recently made public it appears that the light from acetylene gas shows certain colors, especially flesh tints, more nearly as daylight than does any other artificial light. He also verifies the fact that for burners using the same amount of common gas and acetylene, the acetylene burner produces ten times as much light as does the common flat gas burner and nearly three times as much as the Welsbach burner.

From careful considerations and computations Professor Jacobus finds that for equal light in New York City from the incandescent electric lamp, the ordinary gas burner and the Welsbach burner, the respective costs are as 1, .5, .17. To compete with ordinary gas when used in a Welsbach burner, calcium carbide for acetylene manufacture would have to be furnished in New York at nineteen dollars and fifty cents per ton. Whether this can be done has not been decided. The same authority concludes that it is unwise to use acetylene gas under pressure or in the liquid form, and that though this gas may be more expensive than other illuminants, it will probably have its fields of usefulness because of its special properties, just as the incandescent electric light holds its place against gas in New York, though it is twice as expensive as gas-light from the common burner. There are many other considerations which affect the value of an illuminant besides its cost. The most important of these, after safety in use, are its effects in contaminating the air and its heating effects. These have been previously referred to.

S. E. TILLMAN.



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